P E P P E R M I N T

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1 **EXT. LOS ANGELES - OVERHEAD - SUNSET - EVENING** 1

The sky glows orange...

WE MOVE over LA.

2 **EXT. LOS ANGEGELES - STREETS - EVENING** 2

CHRISTMAS.

Tinsel on the HOOKERS. Santa hats on the HOMELESS. The stench of loneliness and crushed dreams in the air.

Of all the buildings we pass, we zero in on a PARKING GARAGE.

3 **INT. PARKING GARAGE - EVENING** 3

Rows of cars and piss poor lighting. Nothing going on...wait...

Is that car at the end rocking?

Somebody is getting lucky. WINDOWS FOGGED UP. The springs CREAK a prom night rhythm...

Let's peek inside. You know you want to, Perv...

4 **INT. ROCKING CAR - PARKED IN PARKING GARAGE - EVENING - CONTINUOUS** 4

WHAM –

Some GUY'S FACE IS VICIOUSLY SLAMMED into the rear window OVER AND OVER.

This is SHEMP (we'll meet him later). He SCREAMS. Swings a BLOODY KNIFE around.

A life and death fight in the tight confines of a car's interior.

A female hand grabs him by the hair. Pulls him close. The face of a woman enters the frame...

She's as hot as the day is long. Got crazy behind the eyes. Like she might eat you. Literally.

Like she'd fuck you half to death, stab you, cook you, and eat you with a bottle of Night Train.

But, honestly, she'd probably just shoot you in the face.

Her name is RILEY NORTH (35). Shemp bleeds and snivels.

SHEMP
Who...who the fuck are *you*?

A GLOCK 19 goes under his chin.

RILEY
The Ghost of Christmas Past.

SHEMP
What..?

RILEY
If you can tell me why I'm here...
I'll make it fast.

SHEMP
Fuck you! Fuck you, you
crazy...fucking...crazy...

RILEY
Are you trying to tell me
something?

SHEMP
...insane...bitch whore...

RILEY
Spit it out, man.

SHEMP
Fuck! You!

5 **EXT. PARKING GARAGE - EVENING - CONTINUOUS** **5**

The car ain't rocking no more. All is quiet. Until...

SHEMP SCREAMS from inside the car.

Still screaming.

STILL.

Screaming...

BAM. A single muffled gunshot.

The car's door opens. Riley falls out.

We can get a good look at her now. Nasty stab wound in her thigh. Cuts here and there. She pays the wounds no heed. Gets to her feet.

Limps away.

Stops to KICK ANOTHER DEAD GUY ON THE GROUND...

6 **INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY** **6**

Sparse CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS. SPECIAL AGENT LISA INMAN (35) types up a report. A breathless AGENT JONES (29) storms up.

AGENT JONES
Lisa!

Startles the hell out of her.

AGENT INMAN
What the fuck have I told you about doing that..?

Jones holds up an OLD DOG-EARED FOLDER.

AGENT JONES
Guess what?

She looks at the folder. At Jones. Leaps out of her seat.

7 **INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER** **7**

Inman and Jones walk through.

AGENT JONES
This cargo ship rolls into Long Beach three weeks ago. Haulin' Hondas, or something. Offloading the cargo, someone notices a window broken out of one of the cars. Somebody was living in it...

AGENT INMAN
You scared the hell out of me for a stowaway?

They come to a bank of monitors. SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE OF THE PORT OF LONG BEACH.

AGENT JONES
Not just any stowaway.

He zooms footage in. WE CAN'T SEE, but Inman squints. Recognition hits. Her jaw drops.

AGENT INMAN
Holy shit.

Jones grabs a desk phone. Punches digits...

AGENT JONES
I'll tell the Emergency Rooms to standby for casualties...

Inman presses the "hook" button. Shakes her head.

AGENT INMAN
Call the Coroner's Office. They need the heads up. *After* you call the LAPD. Find Detective Carmichael. Detective Stan Carmichael.

AGENT JONES
What do you want me to tell him?

AGENT INMAN
Bring body armor.

8 **INT. CARMICHAEL'S APARTMENT - EVENING** **8**

Small apartment. Crap furniture. A "Charlie Brown" Christmas Tree is up...

We find DETECTIVE STAN CARMICHAEL in bed. Stares at the ceiling. Got a Cop Mustache. A few white hairs in it. Some in the temples. Seems older than his 45 years. Tired.

The iPhone on his night stand **RINGS. Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire"** for a ring tone...

CARMICHAEL (ON CELL)
What...

9 **INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - EVENING** **9**

Carmichael parks on a street. Pulls a quart of Irish Whiskey out. Spices up the styrofoam cup of coffee in hand...

10 **EXT. STREET - EVENING - CONTINUOUS** **10**

The street is lousy with COP CARS and crime Scene tape.

Carmichael sips his breakfast. Shuffles to DET. MOSES, 55 going on 80, on the HOLIDAY DECORATED sidewalk.

CARMICHAEL
What's it mean when you dream about rabbits?

MOSES
Come again?

CARMICHAEL
Rabbits. Big ones. Little ones. Headless ones. A little red one keeps chasin' me. I haven't slept in weeks...

Moses takes Carmichael's coffee. Pours it out. Hands the empty cup back.

MOSES
Pro tip? Wait until you're dead, before you embalm yourself.

CARMICHAEL
Where are they? Three bodies, right?

MOSES
Some Detective...

Moses points up.

THREE BLOODY DEAD MEN HANG UPSIDE DOWN FROM THREE LAMP POSTS.

11 EXT. STREET - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER 11

The Dead Men are lowered to the ground.

IT'S LARRY, CURLY, AND MOE (we'll meet them later).

Carmichael knows these guys. So does Moses.

They turn their gaze to an ICE CREAM SHOP across the street.

CARMICHAEL
It just me...or, is this one hell of a coincidence?

MOSES
You believe in those?

Carmichael's cell phone rings. RING OF FIRE... He answers.

CARMICHAEL (ON CELL)
Carmichael. *Who*..? Yeah. Sure...

He rings off. Rattled.

CARMICHAEL
The FBI wants to talk to us...

MOSES
Who'd we piss off?

CARMICHAEL
They want to talk about Riley North.

12 **EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT** **12**

Skid Row area of Downtown. As great as you think it is. Garbage on the street. Dirty. SIRENS in the distance...

A sun-faded '76 Chevy Van parked on the street. HOMELESS GUYS sleep under cardboard.

Riley limps towards the Van. Zero concern. Like she owns the place.

13 **EXT. RILEY'S VAN - PARKED ON SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT** **13**

Riley hobbles to the back doors... A FILTHY OLD CHRISTMAS STOCKING HANGS FROM THE HANDLE.

She gives it the skunk eye. Looks across the street...

Where:

Doing a horrible job of hiding behind garbage cans, THREE KIDS WATCH RILEY-- RAY RAY (13), MARIA (11), and JOSE (9). The not very sneaky culprits who left the stocking.

Jose stands. Waves at Riley.

Maria slaps him up side the head. Yanks him back down.

14 **INT. RILEY'S VAN - PARKED ON SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT** **14**

A ratty mattress. AMMO CANS. PELICAN CASES. The van is junk, but the rear area is flawlessly organized.

Riley grabs a plastic bag full of stuff. Dumps it: DENTAL FLOSS, SEWING NEEDLES, VODKA, BLACK ELECTRICAL TAPE, SUPER GLUE, BANDAGES...

She bends a sewing needle with pliers. Threads dental floss through the eye. Holds the needle in her teeth, as...

She slices open the thigh of her pants, reveals the stab wound. Ain't pretty.

Riley takes a swig of the vodka. Exhales dread. POURS VODKA OVER THE WOUND.

Doesn't scream. Doesn't yell. Just takes it.

Pinches the wound closed. SUPER GLUES IT SHUT. Pushes the needle into her thigh...

...stitches the wound closed with the dental floss and shaking hands. Wraps electrical tape around her thigh.

Leans against the wall. Closes her eyes...

RILEY
Ow.

Steadies her breathing. Lets adrenalin subside. Her skin glistens. Sweats from the pain. Hits the Vodka again.

She removes her jacket - HER ARMS ARE COVERED IN SCARS. Notices the filthy Christmas stocking...

Riley reaches into it - pulls out a mashed up SNICKERS BAR. Rips it open and commences devouring.

Pulls out a CHEAP WIND-UP RUDOLPH Toy...

Winds it up. The legs move. One falls off. She smiles.

She pulls out a wad of cellophane. Unwraps it - A <u>CHRISTMAS COOKIE</u>.

This...this stops her. Like she was hit. The red sprinkles jar a memory loose. She leans back. Shuts her eyes.

Tells the tears to fuck off...

RILEY
Mommy's coming, Baby...

CLOSE ON: the Christmas Cookie still clutched in her hand. It breaks in her grip...

CUT TO:

15 **<u>EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY</u>** **15**

CLOSE ON: Two pairs of shoes walk fast. Pissed. One pair, a little girl's. The other, a cheap pair of office heels.

GRAPHIC: FIVE YEARS AGO...

The heels stumble. BOXES OF SCOUT "HOLIDAY" COOKIES drop to the ground.

The picture on the boxes looks a lot like the cookie we just saw Riley get in the stocking.

RILEY (O.C.)
Dangit...

Meet RILEY NORTH, again. But, this isn't the Riley we've seen.

This one is Plain Jane. Even sweet.

Target-bought "business" threads. Harried Mom Syndrome. A folding table under one arm. She picks up boxes of dropped Scout cookies.

By her side, CARLY NORTH. 10 going on 20. Sports a "SCOUT" UNIFORM. She gives the skunk eye to an approaching WOMAN and LITTLE GIRL...

CARLY
She's back.

Riley juggles boxes and table.

RILEY
Just keep walking...

The Perfect Mom/Bitch on Wheels known as PEG catches up. With her is a perfect 10 year old Scout/Clone, PENELOPE.

Riley and Carly make for a RATTY HONDA SEDAN...

PEG
Honestly, I don't know what you were thinking...

RILEY
I said I was sorry.

Riley tries to shoehorn the uncooperative folding table into the backseat of the Sedan.

PEG
This grocery store is our turf. Everybody knows that. From here to the Pottery Bard on 3rd. Because, we sell more Campfire Holiday Fruitcake Cookies than *anyone*. We earned this spot. Maybe if you actually made it to a Den Mother meeting...

RILEY
Some of us have to work, Peg.

CARLY
Not everyone married for money and a house in the hills.

Peg sucks teeth. Penelope gives a smug eye to Carly. Carly flips her off.

PEG
I'll be lodging a formal grievance at the next Den Mother Committee.

FINALLY, Riley gets the table in. Peg gets into her space.

PEG (CONT'D)
I don't think you're Troop 19 material. *Either* of you.

Peg and Penelope stomp off. RILEY and Carly watch them.

CARLY
What an asshole.

RILEY
Honey, don't call people that.

CARLY
Well, she is.

RILEY
That's not the point.

CARLY
The sky is blue. Water is wet. And, *she's* an asshole. You shoulda punched her lights out.

RILEY takes Carly's hand. Kneels in front of her.

RILEY
We can't go around hitting everybody that's a jerk. She'll get hers one day. Bad people always do. But, it's our job to be good. Look out for people. To do what's right. Or, we'd be just like them. Then what would the world look like?

CARLY
We'd be up to our necks in assholes.

RILEY
Close enough.

CARLY
Mom? Thanks. For trying to help me. I know you took time off work...and, we need money...

RILEY
Why would you say that?

CARLY
I heard you and Dad talking.

Riley is embarrassed and impressed all at once. Hugs Carly tight.

RILEY
Do you know how amazing you are? Happy Birthday, Baby.

16 EXT. NORTH AUTOMOTIVE - DAY 16

Run down auto garage in the shitty part of town...

17 INT. NORTH AUTOMOTIVE OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 17

Meet CHRIS NORTH. Mechanic and owner. Phone cradled on his shoulder. Oil stained fingers pound on a business calculator. A stack of bills. Receipts. The math ain't adding up.

Throws a look at a photo of Riley and Carly...

CHRIS (ON PHONE)
Danny... look, man. I wouldn't ask if I... Times are hard for me, too. Why dya think...? *Next* month. Right... yeah. Thanks...

Chris slams the phone down with a weary sigh. Planet earth on his shoulders. His eyes drift to a sliver of paper on the desk. Like it was a snake. Doesn't want to touch it.

Makes himself pick it up. A PHONE NUMBER scribbled under dirty finger prints.

Whatever the phone number means, it summons a war within him. Indecision. He rubs his face. A choice...

A horn HONKS outside.

18 **EXT. NORTH AUTOMOTIVE - DAY** **18**

Carly runs up to Chris, gives him a hug.

CARLY
Hi, Daddy..!

Chris swoops her into the air. Lands her on his shoulders. Daddy's girl. Riley is all smiles at the sight.

RILEY
I'll be home by four-thirty...

Chris shakes Carly on his shoulders.

CHRIS
Somebody's gonna have a birthday party...

CARLY
Woo hoo!

RILEY
The other kids should be there by four. Can you survive 30 minutes on your own?

CHRIS
How many other kids?

CARLY
All my friends, Daddy.

Chris goes pale - Doomed. Riley puts hands on his shoulders.

RILEY
Everything in your life has prepared you for this moment...

She gives him a wink and a kiss.

RILEY (CONT'D)
You're a brave man, Chris North. Verily, our grandchildren will sing songs of your praise...

Chris smiles. But, he's off. Riley senses.

RILEY
Are you OK?

CHRIS
Me? Yeah... of course. Why?

The hands on the SHOP CLOCK Riley notices intervene...

RILEY
Dangit! I'm late*..!*

She runs for the ratty sedan. Shouts out the window as she drives off...

RILEY
Love you guys...

Chris and Carly watch her leave.

CARLY
I worry about her, sometimes.

Chris holds up his hand. Carly slaps him "five".

CHRIS
Yeah... So do I.

19 **INT. NORTH AUTOMOTIVE OFFICE - DAY** **19**

Carly hangs Christmas Decorations in the garage. Chris watches her. His back to a Blue Collar Hero named MICKEY (35). Conspiratorial tones.

MICKEY
You think I'd tell you to call me, if I didn't think it was a sure thing?

CHRIS
Are you sure? *Fucking* sure? Don't put me in a situation, if...

MICKEY
I got kids too, man.
(off Chris' look)
Ten minutes. Our lives change. Our kids' lives change.

Chris weighs the heavy on his mind. Watches Carly.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Nobody knows. Nobody will know. All you gotta do is drive. I'll take care of everything else. You wanna give Riley a house, don't ya? Good school for Carly? Twistin' wrenches ain't gonna get ya there. *This* will.

Chris nods. Mickey slaps him on the back and leaves Chris alone.

Scared of whatever decision he just made.

20 **INT. FIRST COMMUNITY BANK - TELLER AREA - DAY** **20**

Cash drawer in hand, Riley rushes towards her PERFECTLY DECORATED TELLER WINDOW.

Trips on a rug. The cash drawer flies out of her hands. Change CLANKS across the floor. Bills scatter.

RILEY
Gosh dangit...

She gathers it on hands and knees. A pair of WINGTIPS appear. MR. WATSON, looms over her.

Bad hair plugs. Worse tie.

RILEY
Uh. I'm late. And... that rug tried to kill me, so... I'm OK...

MR. WATSON
I need you to close.

RILEY
Not today...

MR. WATSON
Dee Dee called in sick. You're closing.

RILEY
It's my daughter's birthday. We're throwing her a...

MR. WATSON
You asked for extra hours, I'm giving them to you.

Riley drops her head.

MR. WATSON (CONT'D)
And, Riley. Bank policy. If you're late again, you'll be fired.

Riley nods. Picks up the money she spilled. Refuses the tears that want to come.

21 **EXT. DUMPY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** **21**

A familiar Ratty Sedan parked out front with other ratty cars. Not the best area. Not the worst.

You're living here, 'cause you can't do any better.

22 **INT. DUMPY APARTMENT STAIRS - NIGHT** **22**

Riley runs up stairs. Desperate to get where she's going...

23 **INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** **23**

Keys jangle. The decorated door opens. Riley blows in.

RILEY
I made it..! *Happy B...!*

REVERSE ON ROOM: Decorated. Cake. All, untouched. Chris and Carly sit at a table. ALONE.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Where is everybody?

CARLY
Nobody came.

Riley looks to Chris for an explanation. He nods towards THE ANSWERING MACHINE. Redlight blinks. Riley presses play...

PEG (O.C., VOICE MESSAGE)
Riley? Peg. We're having a little Holiday get together today. Penelope invited the whole class. I think Carly's invite must have gotten lost in the mail. Feel free to stop by... if you're not doing anything else. You know, in the *hills*. I'm sure you remember the address...

CARLY
Told ya, you shoulda punched her lights out.

Riley's hand trembles. She balls it up. Swallows the anger.

Sticks a smile to her face.

RILEY
Hey. We don't need those jerks. This is *your* birthday. Know what that means?

CARLY
My birthday sucks.

RILEY
No. It means you... you have peppermint in your blood. And, snow in your eyes. And... and, love in your heart. It means we're going to go have pizza. Then? Then, we're gonna go... go...

CHRIS
(nods)
To the Play-O-Rama...

RILEY
There. And, we're going to get stupid. We're gonna play *every* game. The ball pit. The slides. The... whatever other germ-ridden virus pit they have. But, I'm OK with that, because it's your birthday. But, then? *Then*..?

CARLY
Ice cream?

RILEY
Heck, *yes*. Ice cream. Go get your jacket.

Carly smiles like the sun. Takes off like a shot. Riley smiles sheepishly at Chris.

CHRIS
I've got tools I can pawn tomorrow.

RILEY
Sorry. There's no way I could let...

Chris cuts her off with a kiss.

CHRIS
It's not always gonna be like this.

RILEY
Promise?

Behind her back, his smile falls. Dead serious.

CHRIS
Yeah.

24 INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - RILEY & CHRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT 24

Chris sits on the bed, alone. Dials a cell phone...

CHRIS (ON CELL)
Mickey, I can't do it. I'm out.
I'm not riskin' it...

Carly calls from another room.

CARLY (O.S.)
Daddy! Let's go.

CHRIS (ON CELL)
It's not worth it. Sorry, man.
Call me when you get this.

RILEY (O.S.)
Chris..?

He rings off. Makes for the door. Smile on his face. Spring in his step. Free.

CHRIS
Let's go, Ladies...

We hear a happy family leave. Chatter. Laughs.

CLOSE ON: That sliver of paper on the bed. Chris' dirty finger prints and a phone number.

25 EXT. DUMPY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 25

From across the street, we watch Riley, Chris, and Carly exit the building. They laugh. They joke.

26 INT. SUV - PARKED OUTSIDE OF DUMPY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 26

The man behind the wheel, LANCASTER (29), is a thug and a low-life. He watches Riley and Family get in their car.

Dials his cell.

LANCASTER (ON CELL)
It's me. The Boss around..? I found the other one.

27 EXT. THE PIT NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 27

Warehouse-style club. Dangerous area. DANGEROUS CUT THROATS outside...

28 INT. THE PIT NIGHT CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 28

CLOSE ON: A tattooed hand holds a cell phone.

The Hand belongs to a scarred up hard ass. His skin a visual cacophony of "MS-13" style tattoos.

Meet JONAS "THE GUILLOTINE" GARCIA (35). He turns to look at...

MICKEY TIED TO A CHAIR - beaten half to death. One eye swollen shut. Nose in the wrong place. Brutal.

GARCIA (ON CELL)
Make an example outta that motherfucker. A loud one. Take care of it.

He tosses the cell phone to one of the THREE LOW LIFES in here with him.

Garcia grabs a DUFFLE BAG off the desk. Dumps it over Mickey-- DOZENS OF $10,000 STACKS OF CASH.

He shoves a few stacks into Mickey's shirt.

GARCIA
That what ya wanted? That make all your problems go away?

MICKEY
Please...

GARCIA
Feels good, don't it? Have a little foldin' money on ya.

A Low Life hands Garcia a wicked looking KUKRI "machete".

He grabs Mickey by the hair...

GARCIA
You stupid little fuck.

...GARCIA SWINGS THE BLADE AS HARD AS HE CAN.

29 **EXT. CITY STREET - SIDEWALK - NIGHT** **29**

Shops are decorated for the season. PEDESTRIANS...

Carly sports a plastic PRINCESS CROWN. Chris and Riley sport goofy birthday hats.

Carly is still revved up.

CARLY
Did you see me in the ball pit?
And, the bouncy house?

RILEY
The one Daddy fell out of?

CHRIS
Faulty equipment!

CARLY
Ice cream!

Carly points to the ICE CREAM SHOP SIGN ahead. Takes off like a cheetah. Waves impatiently.

(*An astute observer will notice this is the Ice Cream shop we saw Carmichael and Moses at, earlier.*)

CARLY
Come *on*!

30 **INT. TRICKED OUT IMPALA - DRIVING ON CITY STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **30**

FOUR YOUNG CUT THROATS cruise by. MS13-style tatts. We'll call them LARRY, CURLY, MOE, and SHEMP.

(We've meet these guys before. When they were five years older and very dead)

They eyeball Chris, as the family disappears into the ice cream shop. Larry hangs a U-turn. Pulls up to the curb.

31 **INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT** **31**

Chris gives the SCOOP JOCKEY the order.

CHRIS
Two rocky road cones and...
(to Carly)
What'll it be, Kiddo?

Carly shoots Riley a knowing wink.

CARLY
Peppermint.

Riley's heart swells with pride. Her smiles says it.

32 EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT 32

Chris and Carly exit, cones in hand. Riley follows. Licks her cone and stops...

RILEY
Napkins. I forgot napkins...

33 INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 33

Riley nabs napkins. Waves to the Scoop Jockey. Opens the door, JUST AS A THE IMPALA CREEPS PAST...

34 EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 34

Riley looks dead at the Impala. Larry even glances at her...

But, she's already looking at the Loves of her Life, who are trying to eat the other's ice cream.

Playing. Laughing.

She holds up the napkins triumphantly.

RILEY
I got the...

BAMBAMBAMBAMBAM -

THE AIR IS FILLED WITH BULLETS. LARRY, CURLY, MOE, AND SHEMP OPEN FIRE. A DRIVE-BY. A hail of gunfire tears into cars. Walls. Sidewalk.

Then... it's over.

CLOSE ON: Riley on the sidewalk. Bleeds from a wound in her skull. Blood in her eyes. Pain. Confusion...

Riley lifts her head. Looks...

RILEY
Chris..?

... LOOKS. The sound that comes out of her is from the deepest pit of Hell's torment...

RILEY
Carly..!

She crawls. WILLS herself to her feet. Chris and Carly are motionless on the sidewalk...

RILEY
Mommy's coming...

Two steps later, Riley collapses. But, she won't quit. Pulls herself across the sidewalk.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I'm coming, Baby... It's OK. It's going to be OK...

An ever expanding pool of blood oozes across the sidewalk from Chris and Carly. Riley drags herself through it.

Her body is shutting down. Sheer determination and love keep her going.

She pulls herself a few more feet. A few more. Touches Carly's hand...

RILEY
Mommy's here...

With her last strength, Riley pulls herself forward, once more. Gets her arms around Carly.

RILEY
Chris, get up. Get *up*. We have to help... We have to...

Carly is dead.

Riley's mouth opens to scream, to yell, to curse Heaven--anything to release the anguish within.

But, nothing comes out.

Just ragged breath.

She forces a word.

RILEY
Chris...

Riley's body quits on her, as she reaches for him. Her face falls to the dirty and bloody sidewalk, inches from Carly's.

She looks into Carly's face, as her body shuts down. Her mind shuts down. Riley's eyes close.

Yet, something deep inside still manages a whisper.

RILEY
Mommy's here...

Her fingers resting on Carly's cheek, Riley is still.

35 EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT - LATER 35

Crime scene tape and COPS galore.

PARAMEDICS load Riley into an ambulance.

Meet DETECTIVE STAN CARMICHAEL again. He watches the doors to the ambulance close. Frowns.

No Cop mustache. No white hairs. Ten pounds lighter and green around the gills.

DETECTIVE MOSES eases up to him. Fucker looks the same.

MOSES
First case sticks with ya for the rest of your life. I could tell ya seeing this sort of thing gets easier. But, my bullshit kung fu ain't that great.

Carmichael picks up THE BLOODY PLASTIC PRINCESS CROWN laying on the sidewalk.

MOSES (CONT'D)
They say Justice is blind. Some days you'll wish you was, too.

He leaves Carmichael sick at the goddamned tragedy of it all.

36 INT. CARMICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY 36

Tin foil over the windows. Spartan.

Carmichael asleep. HIS CELL PHONE RINGS. Answers. Bleary-eyed...

CARMICHAEL (ON CELL)
What...

37 **INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ROOM #100 - DAY** **37**

Still half-asleep, Carmichael looks through the door window. Annoyed. Barks at the greying DOCTOR.

CARMICHAEL
A *week*? She's been awake for a week? You were supposed to let me know the moment she woke up...

DOCTOR
Detective, she is not a well woman. The gunshot to her skull missed her brain. But, the subsequent cerebral hemorrhaging caused massive swelling. She's been in a medically induced coma for two months. She couldn't even speak until today...

CARMICHAEL
But, you say she'll be alright...

DOCTOR
I said she'll live. "*Alright*" is out of my hands. She had a breakdown when the memory of her family returned.
(sad BEAT)
Tried to take her own life.

38 **INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM #100 - DAY** **38**

Riley in a hospital bed. Carmichael next to her, a BROWN BAG his hand.

He clocks HER WRISTS ARE IN RESTRAINTS.

CARMICHAEL
Your husband was involved in a plan to rob a drug dealer named Jonas Garcia...

Riley absorbs it. Slowly. Refuses. Shakes her head.

RILEY
Chris would never do that.

CARMICHAEL
You're right. We recovered a voicemail on his friend's cell phone.
(MORE)

CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)
Your husband refusing to go along with it. But, word had already got out. Back to Garcia...

Riley shuts her eyes. Tight. Every word and thought, a razor cutting her apart.

Carmichael fidgets.

CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)
We caught the shooters. But, can't tie them to Garcia and they have alibis. Trial is next week. I wish there was more I could...

Lost in anguish, Riley is stone.

Carmichael gives up. Makes for the door.

RILEY
I didn't even get to go to their funeral.

Carmichael PULLS THE PLASTIC PRINCESS CROWN from the brown bag. Shiny and pretty. Puts it on a table.

CARMICHAEL
I thought you might want this.

Riley stares at it. She tries to pick it up...

...the RESTRAINTS ON HER HANDS CLICK.

Her eyes cloud. Narrow.

RILEY
I saw them.

39 **INT. POLICE STATION - LINE UP ROOM - DAY** **39**

Riley behind a one-way mirror. Stares at the line up.

LARRY, CURLY, MOE, AND SHEMP at the end of a LINE OF LOW LIFES. Carmichael beside her.

CARMICHAEL
Are you sure?

Her hand trembles. Wrath in her eyes.

She nods.

40 **INT. HALFWAY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY** **40**

Holes in the walls. Mildew. A CRAZY WOMAN mumbles her way past, as Riley walks down the hall...

41 **INT. HALFWAY HOUSE - RILEY'S ROOM - DAY** **41**

A bed. A card table. And... A BLONDE MAN IN A SUIT sitting at the table. One of those isn't supposed to be here.

Riley enters.

RILEY
Who the hell are you?

BLONDE MAN
A friend. Have a seat.

Riley gives him the skunk eye. Sits. The man sizes up the room. It's a dump.

BLONDE MAN
This is where you live?

RILEY
I lost our apartment. Everything in it. Every picture. Every memory and memento. Gone. So, I'm really not in the mood for chit chat. If you have something to say, say it. Then, leave me alone.

He puts several PILL BOTTLES on the table.

BLONDE MAN
You are one fucked up little monkey, Riley. Lorazepam, Lithium... Risperidone? Isn't that an anti-psychotic?

She grabs the bottles. Angry. Ashamed. He pulls a STACK OF CASH out of a briefcase. Puts it on the table.

BLONDE MAN
Get an apartment. New clothes. New memories.
(slides cash to her)
Start your life again.

She looks at the money. Back to the Man.

BLONDE MAN
You've been through a lot. Stands to reason... *maybe* you didn't see everything you think you saw.

RILEY
It's time for you to leave.

BLONDE MAN
Nothing is going to bring your family back. This is the regrettable truth. Do you keep living here? Or, do you move on? You made a mistake. Didn't see what you thought.

She picks up the cash. Looks him in the eye. And, drops it on the floor.

BLONDE MAN
You believe you're going to have your justice? Make them all pay?
(leans over table)
They won't.

42 **INT. MARVIN'S DINER - NIGHT** **42**

Neighborhood greasy spoon. Carmichael at a booth. A WEATHERED WAITRESS brings a sandwich and coffee.

Moses slides into the booth. Yoinks Carmichael's sandwich off his plate.

Eats half of it.

CARMICHAEL
Want some of my sandwich..?

MOSES
Not hungry.

Moses slides a BADGE across the table. A bullet hole in it.

MOSES (CONT'D)
Tell me what that is.

CARMICHAEL
That would be a Detective's badge...

MOSES
That would be all they found of the last Cop who went after Jonas Garcia. It was in his locker. Hanging *in* his locker. *Inside* police headquarters. Think about that.

CARMICHAEL
Garcia has people on the inside..?

MOSES
I didn't say that. And, I didn't *not* say that. But, I do know is LA is an expensive place to raise a family. Comprende?

CARMICHAEL
Is this... Are you trying to tell me you're on the take? Is that what this is?

Moses takes Carmichael's coffee. Sips.

MOSES
Garcia has a nick name. The Guillotine. There's a reason for that shit, Stan. Chris North didn't even rob Garcia. He just *considered* it, and he's on the wrong side of the grass. With his kid.

He stands.

MOSES (CONT'D)
If I was on the take, this conversation woulda been a *lot* shorter. Whatever happens with your case... let it go. Don't be stupid. You'll only get dead and it won't change anything.

Moses heads for the door.

43 **INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY** **43**

Riley on a bench. Small and alone. Her hand trembles. She grabs it to make it stop.

44 **INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY** **44**

Half-empty courtroom. Carmichael is there. Larry, Curly, Moe, and Shemp at the Defendant table, with a HERD OF LAWYERS. Riley on the stand.

A Lawyer paces. His voice familiar...

BLONDE MAN
Mrs. North, you identified my clients as the alleged shooters...

FUCK IF HE ISN'T THE BLONDE MAN IN THE SUIT that paid her a visit. Riley glares at him.

BLONDE MAN (CONT'D)
Did you not?

RILEY
They did it.

BLONDE MAN
Objection, Your Honor. Calls for legal conclusion.

THE BEARDED JUDGE (60), a slimeball in robes, nods.

THE JUDGE
Sustained. Mrs. North, we're interested in facts, not opinions.

Baffled. Out of her element. It's all so foreign to her...

RILEY
No, but... But, they...

BLONDE MAN
You identified my clients, yes?

RILEY
Yes.

BLONDE MAN
I see. And, are you presently on anti-psychotic medications?

Riley shoots a look to the WEASEL PROSECUTOR. He looks away. Down. Glances at the Blonde Man...

...Guilty as fuck. Bought and paid for. It lands on Riley like cold water. She has walked into a trap.

BLONDE MAN
Lorazepam. Lithium. Risperidone. Anything else we should know?

RILEY
That's not... No, I...

BLONDE MAN
You identified, not one, but four men. In a moving vehicle. At night. From 30 feet...

RILEY
You're not listening!

BLONDE MAN
After two months in a coma. *After* a mental breakdown. And, under the influence of...

RILEY
I saw them!

BLONDE MAN
Under the influence of anti-depressants and anti-psychotic medications. Is it possible that your recollection isn't what you thought it was?

Riley looks at the Judge. The Prosecutor. None of them will meet her gaze. SLOWLY... she realizes they're all in on it...

...<u>THIS IS ALL A SHOW</u>. Her hand shakes uncontrollably.

BLONDE MAN
No further questions, Your Honor.

Riley stands.

RILEY
They did it! Why won't you believe me? They killed my family..!

THE JUDGE
Order! You're excused, Mrs. North.

RILEY
I'm not done...

THE JUDGE
You're excused.

Larry, Curly, Moe, and Shemp laugh. Riley SNAPS. You can see it happen.

She goes over the rail...

RILEY
I'm going to rip your goddamned hearts out..!

The Bailiff grabs her. She tries to climb over him.

THE JUDGE
Bailiffs remove this woman!

TWO MORE BAILIFFS grab Riley. Manhandle her. She's TASERED. Screams in pain and fury.

And, Tasered again...

WITH CARMICHAEL:

Positively ill, as we hear the ANGUISHED SCREAMS of Riley dragged from the courtroom.

45 INT. COURTHOUSE - LOCK UP - DAY 45

Carmichael walks with a BAILIFF along jail cells...

They come to Riley - IN SHACKLES on the floor.

HER HAIR MATTED WITH BLOOD. Knees pulled up to her chest. Stares vacantly.

BAILIFF
We had to restrain her. She wouldn't stop banging her head into the bars.

CARMICHAEL
Riley..? It's Detective Stan Carmichael. Riley, do you hear me?

Her eyes drift up to him. Whispers.

RILEY
Riley went away...

46 EXT. COURTHOUSE - REAR OF BUILDING - DAY 46

Paramedics wheel Riley to an ambulance. One attempts to put restraints on her. Carmichael stops him, as they come to...

47 **EXT. AMBULANCE - PARKED AT REAR OF COURTHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS** **47**

CARMICHAEL
Hey. She saw her family murdered and the guys who did it just walked. How about you lighten up?

The Paramedics load her up.

48 **INT. AMBULANCE - PARKED AT REAR OF COURTHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS** **48**

Carmichael climbs into the back with Riley.

CARMICHAEL
Where's she going?

PARAMEDIC
County General. Psych hold...

CLOSE ON: RILEY'S EYES CUT TOWARDS THE PARAMEDIC.

She's still in there. Heard that. She watches Carmichael dial his phone.

CARMICHAEL
That place is a nightmare. Hang on. I'm gonna call...

RILEY KICKS CARMICHAEL IN THE HEAD. His forehead BANGS into the ambulance wall. He sways for a moment and keels over...

Riley is already out the door.

49 **EXT. HOSPITAL ALLEY - DAY** **49**

Face and hair smeared with her own blood, Riley runs. Desperate. All the rage.

All the hurt. All the agony...

She runs.

And, runs...

50 **EXT. CEMETERY - DAY** **50**

Moses and Carmichael crest a small hill with TWO UNIFORMED COPS. Pistols at the ready.

No one here but them. They converge on a set of graves -

"*Chris North and Carly North*".

Both headstones are STREAKED WITH BLOODY HAND PRINTS...

MOSES
Well, you called it...

Carmichael sighs. Moses slaps him on the back.

MOSES (CONT'D)
Just an insane scout mommy. She'll turn up...

SMASH CUT TO
PRESENT:

51 INT. RILEY'S VAN - PARKED ON SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT 51

Riley opens a pelican case: A SIG SG 552 Short Barreled Rifle (SBR) inside. She slaps in a mag. Folds the stock. Clips it to a harness under her jacket.

She holsters a GLOCK 19 in the small of her back. Stows MAGS in kydex holsters on her belt.

BRASS KNUCKLES go into a pocket.

A FAIRBAIRN-SYKES DAGGER goes into her boot.

Riley loads buckshot into a sawed off shotgun. Shoves the shotgun into a RED VELVET "SANTA" SACK...

52 EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT 52

Two GANGBANGERS with nothin' better to do spot Riley's Van. They ease towards it. Pull shitty pistols from their pants...

HOMELESS SAM, an old homeless man on the sidewalk watches.

HOMELESS SAM
Ya'll about to fuck up.

GANGBANGER #1
Say what..?

HOMELESS SAM
I wouldn't do that shit, if I was you. That's where *she* stay.

GANGBANGER #1
Who..?

HOMELESS SAM
Her.

The Gangbangers stop cold. Trade a look. Turn tail and RUN LIKE HELL AWAY. Homeless Sam chuckles.

A BEAT later...

...the Van doors open. Riley steps out. Santa Hat on her head. Red Velvet "Santa Sack" full of weapons over her shoulder.

53 **EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **53**

From behind the nearby trashcans, Ray Ray, Maria, and Jose watch Riley walk away down the street.

JOSE
Think she liked our presents?

RAY RAY
Not yours.

JOSE
Shut up!

MARIA
Where do you think she's going?

They trade a look of knowing doom...

54 **INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT** **54**

Carmichael and Moses at a conference table. OTHER COPS present. FBI Agents Inman and Jones size up the room. The Room sizes up them.

Nobody is impressed.

CARMICHAEL
You guys run outta terrorists? How come the Feds care about a squirrely Soccer Mom?

AGENT INMAN
Didn't she kick you in the head five years ago?

Carmichael shrinks a foot.

MOSES
Kickin' dumbasses ain't a federal offense.

AGENT INMAN
Bank Robbery is.
(off their look)
The night Riley North got away from you? She stole 18 thousand dollars from the bank where she was employed. She's been a pet project of mine for some time...

CARMICHAEL
Man, you got the wrong woman. *Bank robbery*..?

MOSES
Bat-shit insane people do bat-shit insane things. So what?

AGENT INMAN
The "so what" is she disappeared after she robbed the bank. Poof. As if Chris Angel were her patron saint. It was like she had ceased to be. Four months later, we found out why. She was in Hong Kong...

Agent Jones brings up a scanned MEDICAL DOCUMENT on a screen.

AGENT INMAN (CONT'D)
Where she popped up in a hospital. With a dislocated shoulder, facial fracture, ruptured spleen...

CARMICHAEL
Car wreck?

AGENT INMAN
Don't know. She left before we could have her apprehended...

MOSES
Left...

AGENT INMAN
Your squirrely Soccer Mom got up. *Walked* out of that hospital and disappeared for *another* year...

Another scanned medical document.

AGENT INMAN (CONT'D)
That's when she turned up in Brazil. With a fractured clavicle. Dislocated jaw. Yadda yadda.

MOSES
She's a bad luck magnet. Why are you wastin' our time..?

AGENT INMAN
Then... we found this on Youtube...

CLOSE ON VIDEO: Poor quality. But, unmistakable: IT'S RILEY FIGHTING MMA IN AN UNDERGROUND RING. Holds her own, but gets her ass kicked...

CARMICHAEL
That's Riley North?

AGENT INMAN
Employing, I am told, Hong Kong Kung Fu and Brazilian Jiu Jitsu. Your Scout Mother, at this point, had spent two years learning how to fight...

CUT TO:

55 INT. SWANK BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 55

WE FIND THE BEARDED JUDGE from Riley's trial in the kitchen. An old, old man, now.

He sits at a massive wooden table. Tape over his mouth. Nose bleeds. Tears in his eyes.

Across from him, sits Riley. She stares holes into his skull from under the Santa Hat.

Savors his terror.

Slowly, she retrieves a HAMMER and TWO LARGE NAILS from her Santa Sack. Places them on the table between them.

RILEY
Do you like games?

Dude is a slobbering mess.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Me, *too*. Let's play one. If you can remember my name, you get to live. Simple.
(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)
You'll eat out of a tube for the rest of your life. But, you'll live. See, I have a theory. That you are so goddamned corrupt, I don't even stand out. I'd like to be wrong. But, I don't think I am. Are you ready?
(dead cold)
Do you. Even remember. My name?

56 **INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **56**

Jones pauses Riley's Youtube fight footage.

Not a single Cop can believe what he's seeing.

AGENT INMAN
Then, we caught wind of her in Tel Aviv...

CARMICHAEL
Not another hospital...

AGENT INMAN
No. She killed a man in an underground Krav Maga cage match. According to police reports.

Scanned documents. Hebrew. Autopsy photos of one very dead guy.

Jones pulls up document after document. All, different languages...

AGENT INMAN
Chinese Signal Intelligence. French Law Enforcement. The list goes on. Just glimpses. Pick a corner of the planet. She was there. No single one means much. But, taken together, a picture emerges...

Inman stares into the faces of every Cop here.

AGENT INMAN (CONT'D)
Riley North has spent every day of the last *five years*, traveling the world, learning how to become a killing machine.

57 **INT. SWANK BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **57**

The Bearded Judge's HANDS HAVE BEEN NAILED TO THE TABLE.

A RED BOW is tied around a BRICK OF C4 EXPLOSIVE in front of him. Cell phone initiator wired in.

He screams under his gag. Struggles...

58 **INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT** **58**

The air has been sucked completely out of the room. Inman searches the faces of all.

AGENT INMAN
Anyone care to guess the significance of today's date?

Carmichael rubs his face. Dawning...

CARMICHAEL
The 5 year anniversary of her family's murder...

AGENT INMAN
We're going to need more body bags.

59 **EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT** **59**

Riley whistles as she sits on the bus bench. Looks at the BURNER CELL PHONE in her hand. Presses SEND...

FA-BOOM!

An EXPLOSION REVERBERATES IN THE NEAR DISTANCE.

She flings the cell phone over her shoulder.

Crosses her legs.

And, waits for the bus... whistling "Winter Wonderland".

60 **EXT. SWANK BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT** **60**

Carmichael and Inman watch EOD POLICE enter and exit. Well, she does. Carmichael is too busy stealing glances at her on the sly to notice much of anything.

Moses approaches, ringing off his cell phone.

MOSES
We got two more explosions. Went off at the same time as this one...

CARMICHAEL
Who?

MOSES
Two lawyers. Wanna guess what they had in common?

AGENT INMAN
Riley North's trial...

MOSES
The guy that defended the killers *and* the Prosecutor. She decked the halls with both of 'em.

CARMICHAEL
A state judge, and two lawyers? Hangin' guys from lamp posts? Does she wanna get caught? Quieter ways to do this...

MOSES
Well, it makes a statement.

AGENT INMAN
She didn't spend half a decade to make a statement...

Inman looks at the house again.

AGENT INMAN (CONT'D)
She's sending a *message*.

CARMICHAEL
To who?

61 **INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT** **61**

Jonas "The Guillotine" Garcia, five years later, looks like walking death. His face SCARRED from god knows what. Eyes like marbles. Older. Meaner. Time has not been kind.

He's seated at a dining table. Lancaster whispers to him...

GARCIA
Who..?

Across the table, a MEAN MOTHERFUCKER. Cartel. ORTEGA (40).

GARCIA
(to Ortega)
I'll be right back.

62 **INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **62**

Two cut throats we'll call BLUE EYES and GOLD TEETH stand before Garcia and Lancaster.

BLUE EYES
Killed some lawyers you paid off. And, a judge...

LANCASTER
Smoked some of our sergeants, too. Trigger pullers. We sent 'em to take out her husband...

GARCIA
When?

LANCASTER
Five years ago.

Garcia looks at him in disbelief. Ortega enters.

ORTEGA
Is there a problem?

GARCIA
(to Lancaster)
Send Mary in with some drinks and get the fuck outta here.

GOLD TEETH
And, that thing?

GARCIA
Put a paycheck on her head. Call it a night.

His boys exit. Garcia sticks a smile on.

GARCIA
(to Ortega)
Personnel problems. You know how it goes...

Garcia motions for Ortega to have a seat. He doesn't.

ORTEGA
Your bullshit ain't why I'm here. I came to deliver a message from my father.

GARCIA
What's on his mind?

Ortega SLAPS the fuck out of him. Garcia rubs his face. Swallows rage.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Did you forget who put you where you are?

GARCIA
It's just a misunderstanding...

ORTEGA
One shipment goes missing? Maybe it's a mistake. Two? In a week?

GARCIA
You think I would steal from you? I've lasted this long by bein' stupid? Everybody wants to be the top dog. The little dogs try to eat my food. That's all it is...

MARY (25), enters. Dressed hot as hell. Black eyes. Split lip. She carries a tray of drinks.

Ortega clocks her damage. Mary catches his gaze. Looks away in fear. Garcia tries to make peace.

GARCIA
You want her?
(off Ortega's look)
Gotta warn ya, she don't fuckin' listen...

Mary slinks out of the room-- reveals her backless dress. WHIP MARKS ACROSS HER BACK.

ORTEGA
There's something you need to remember...

He gets into Garcia's personal space.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
You are *still*. A little dog. Don't let our business be interfered with again.

Turns his back. Heads for the door...

63 **INT. CITY BUS - MOVING - NIGHT** **63**

Riley sits in a bus seat. Blends in. A few OTHER TRAVELERS sport Christmas Hats and goofy sweaters.

She stares at the floor. Her mind a million miles away.

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)
I like your hat.

Riley looks up. A LITTLE BOY, opposite, smiles. He's wearing the same hat.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)
Are you going to see your family?

RILEY
Gonna catch up with some old friends.

She clocks the PASSED OUT DRUNK next to the Little Boy. He holds the Drunk's hand.

RILEY
Is he OK?

LITTLE BOY
He drinks.
(whispers)
But, not for long. I asked Santa to help him stop.

He smiles again. So does Riley.

64 **EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT** **64**

The Drunk stumbles off the bus, Little Boy in tow. Riley follows...

65 **EXT. STRIP MALL LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT** **65**

The Little Boy sits on the curb. Sad. The Drunk sways into the Liquor store...

66 **INT. STRIP MALL LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT** **66**

Riley enters. The BORED CLERK eyes her from boots to hat. Sticks a slimy smile on...

It falls off when she shoves her SHOTGUN in his face. Gives him the "SHH" finger. Motions for him to lay down...

BACK OF STORE:

The Drunk peruses beer in a cooler.

Suddenly, his skull BOUNCES OFF THE GLASS DOOR.

Riley sweeps his legs. Drops him to his back. Sticks the shotgun into his family jewels.

RILEY
Give me your wallet.

He does. Quick. Riley pulls out his Driver's License.

RILEY
Bryan Hartley. 214 Harlow Lane...

She tosses it back to him.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Open your mouth.

DRUNK
What..?

A slack-jawed "what" accomplishes what she wants - she shoves the shotgun into his pie hole.

RILEY
This is one of those life altering moments, Bryan. Where everything changes. I know a little something about those. Do I have your attention?

The Drunk, now stone fucking sober, nods.

RILEY
I am going to kill you.

He screams vowels with the gun in his mouth.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Thing is, it's the holidays. I don't want that. Your son doesn't want that. And, I'm pretty fuckin' sure you don't want that, do you?

He shakes his head. Riley pulls out a WAD OF CASH. Shoves it into his pocket.

RILEY (CONT'D)
That's about three-thousand dollars. Take your kid Christmas shopping tonight. Behave like a Father. Give him the time of his life. Stop drinking. Be the best Dad you can be. Be who he deserves.

She pulls the gun out of his mouth. Yanks him up by the hair.

DRUNK
I swear... I swear... I swear to God.

RILEY
214 Harlow Lane, Bryan. Don't fail that kid. Or, I will come down your chimney and blow your goddamned head off. You understand me, Prancer?

The Drunk nods like his head is on a hinge.

RILEY
Why are you still here?

He runs like a rocket is up his ass.

Riley makes for the door. Yoinks a package of Twinkies on the way. Passes the no-longer-Bored Clerk on the floor.

As she gnaws on a twinkie...

RILEY
You *ever* sell him anything else, I'll blow you and this dump straight to hell. Give me your car keys.

He does. Riley slings the Santa Sack over her shoulder.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Feliz Navidad.

67 **EXT. THE PIT NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT** **67**

Looks the same as it did five years ago. Two BURLY BASTARDS man the door. Bored.

A lanky fucker we'll call MARVIN THE ACCOUNTANT waltzes up. Gets waved inside...

68 **INT. ECONOBOX CAR - PARKED OUTSIDE OF THE PIT NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **68**

Riley watches Marvin enter The Pit.

Grabs the Sack full of weapons...

69 **EXT. THE PIT NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT** **69**

Riley crosses the street. Santa Sack over her shoulder. Stops in front of the Burly Bastards.

They TOWER over her.

BURLY BASTARD #1
We're closed.

RILEY
Run.

BURLY BASTARD #2
What..?

RILEY
Last chance.

BURLY BASTARD #2
Bitch, are you crazy?

RILEY
Now, that's not nice.

BURLY BASTARD #1
Get the fuck outta...

Riley brings brass knuckles down on Burly Bastard #1's nose. THE NOSE EXPLODES.

Bastard #2 throws a punch that would take her head off. She PUNCHES HIS FIST MID-SWING WITH THE BRASS KNUCKLES.

Fingers CRUNCH. HE BELLOWS IN PAIN.

She kicks him in the balls like she was kicking a field goal. Then, kicks #1's knee. It dislocates. Both drop to their knees...

Amused, she points at Burly Bastard #1's bloodied nose.

RILEY
Hey...
(sings)
Rudolph the red-nosed dead guy...

Slides the dagger out of her boot...

70 **INT. THE PIT NIGHT CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT** **70**

A dirtbag named DUFF runs CASH through money counters. TWO GOONS ready the next handful, as Marvin jots down records.

Duff glances at the TV on the wall.

NEWS ALERT: A Driver's License photo of Riley from a decade ago. The REPORTER on scene at the Swanky Bell Air house...

REPORTER (ON TV)
... after the murder of five men, she is suspected to have been behind tonight's bombings. Authorities believe her to be armed and extremely dangerous. If you see her, please contact...

71 **INT. THE PIT NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT** **71**

Cut-Throat central. A dozen flavors of GOON hang out. Riley enters. They eyeball her.

GOON #1
You in the wrong place.

Riley frowns. Lowers her head. Turns for the door...

...AND FUCKING LOCKS IT.

The place goes dead silent. She drops the Santa Sack. Reveals the SHOTGUN hidden behind it.

A BEAT HANGS...

BOOM BOOM -

She nails two Goons with two blasts. ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE...

72 **INT. THE PIT NIGHT CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **72**

Marvin and Duff hit the deck. The Two Goons pull guns and run out the door.

Bullets THWWP through the walls. Blow cash into the air...

73 **INT. THE PIT NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **73**

Riley unclips the SIG 556 under her jacket and gets busy. Shoots and moves. Relentless. Merciless.

Fucking Terminator.

IN 20 SECONDS, a dozen men are dead/dying on the floor...

74 **INT. THE PIT NIGHT CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **74**

Duff hides behind the desk with Marvin. Scared shitless. They grip pistols. But...

...ALL IS SILENT. Terrifyingly silent.

DUFF
Fuck you!

BAM BAM BAM -

He unloads into the door. Scares Marvin into doing the same. And, still...

...nothing happens.

They stand up. Share a look. Laugh nervously.

RILEY JUMPS THROUGH CEILING TILES. Blows Duff away with three to the chest.

Marvin scrambles across the cash strewn floor in a panic.

Riley grabs him by the hair. Straddles him.

RILEY
Hi.

MARVIN
Oh, God..!

RILEY
I have a few questions. You're not busy, are you?

She pokes the point of her dagger into his nostril...

MARVIN
Owowowo... *OW*...

75 **INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT** **75**

Garcia stares at a TV. Hatred on his face.

ON TV: News footage of THE PIT NIGHT CLUB BURNING.

Marvin sits in a chair. Two black eyes. Bloody nose. Tooth missing. Drains a glass of whiskey.

MARVIN
She's fucking crazy, man..!

LANCASTER
You already said that, Marvin...

MARVIN
Well I'm sayin' it again! I looked her in the eyes. Man, there wasn't nothing looking back.

GARCIA
You told her. *Everything*... The entire operation...

MARVIN
You would've, too!

GARCIA
You're a fucking idiot.

Garcia paces.

LANCASTER
How much did she take?

MARVIN
She *burned* all the money! She just wanted to kill everything.

GARCIA
This is the last goddamned thing I need right now...

MARVIN
I'm sorry, Boss. You know I'm loyal. You know it. These were some extenuating assed circumstances...

GARCIA
Trust me, we're going to talk about that in a minute.
(to Lancaster)
Double security everywhere.
(MORE)

GARCIA (CONT'D)
Put that bitch's head on *this* table. By sunrise. Before she gets us all killed...

76 **EXT. THE PIT NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT** **76**

A city block lit with firelight. Moses navigates the FIREMEN. Trips on a hose. Shouts into his cell phone...

MOSES (ON CELL)
Well, I got a dozen witnesses who suddenly went blind and didn't see shit. So, we got that going for us. But, this was one of Garcia's hubs. I'm pretty sure of that...

Moses picks up a HANDFUL OF HALF-BURNED $100 BILLS off the sidewalk.

INTERCUT WITH:

77 **INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **77**

Carmichael on his cell. Inman next to him. He turns away so she won't hear...

CARMICHAEL(ON CELL)
You don't really think she's trying to take down Garcia's operation single-handedly, is she..?

Inman heard anyway.

MOSES (ON CELL)
Maybe. If your Fed Girlfriend was right about Riley sending a message...

CARMICHAEL (ON CELL)
My *what*..?

MOSES (ON CELL)
Stan, I've seen smoother alligators. Everybody can see it.

Carmichael looks at Inman like someone yanked his pants down.

CARMICHAEL
(to Inman)
Would you excuse me?

Steps away. Lowers his voice...

CARMICHAEL (ON CELL)
See what? Everybody can see what?

MOSES (ON CELL)
How 'bout the tongue hangin' outta your mouth. You can't take your blood shot eyes off her...

CARMICHAEL (ON CELL)
I am *not* interested in her.

MOSES (ON CELL)
You ain't had a date in four years. You got zero game. You're interested, but you don't know what to do.

CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)
That is such *bullshit*...
(BEAT)
What should I do?

MOSES (ON CELL)
About the murderer running amok in our city? Or, the Fed?

CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)
Would you get off my case? I've only been awake for like three hours...

Carmichael glances at Inman. She throws her arms up, "*Well?*".

CARMICHAEL (ON CELL)
I'll poke around Narcotics. See if I can get a list of suspected locations Garcia's people work out of. We could put some eyes on them. See if she shows...

MOSES (ON CELL)
You be careful who you ask those kinda questions to. OK?

Inman says fuck it. Enters a door without Carmichael. Who runs after...

CARMICHAEL (ON CELL)
Oh, for fuck's sake... I've been hearing that outta you for five years. Know how many dirty cops I've actually met? In total? *None*. What is it with you, man?

He comes to the door. A sign reads: “LAPD CRIME ANALYSIS CENTER”.

MOSES (ON CELL)
Only takes a few guys in the right places, Stan. Watch yourself.

CARMICHAEL (ON CELL)
Right. Say hi to Bigfoot for me, ya paranoid Old Coot.

Carmichael enters...

78 **INT. POLICE STATION - CRIME ANALYSIS CENTER - NIGHT** **78**

The “Real Time Crime Analysis Center”. Wall monitors aggregate crime reports in real time.

Carmichael runs up to find Inman hovering over an ANALYST, who points to a city map of L.A. on screen. Covered in dots. Almost blotted out...

ANALYST
System tracks reported crime, in real time. Goes back for years. From that data, it’s pretty good at predicting areas of high crime...

AGENT INMAN
Any anomalies? Areas of higher violent crime than expected...

ANALYST
Besides tonight?

AGENT INMAN
Going back a few weeks. Any area stand out?

CARMICHAEL
This can’t predict where she’ll turn up next...

AGENT INMAN
No. But, it might tell me where she’s been. Everywhere she goes, people get dead. Well, she’s been living *somewhere*.

CARMICHAEL
Shit, I didn’t think about that...

AGENT INMAN
Maybe we can locate the area she's been staying in. Find her that way...

Carmichael falls ass first in love.

79 EXT. KO-SHO JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 79

Busted neon. Rats won't eat here. Cars parked defensively. SHADY GUYS look out.

A restaurant supply BOX TRUCK drives around back...

80 EXT. KO-SHO JAPANESE RESTAURANT - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 80

The Box Truck backs to the loading dock...

Heavily tattooed and ARMED YAKUZA THUGS keep an eye out, as the ARMED DRIVER opens the back of the truck. The Thugs push him aside...

Shine lights into the truck. Just a few boxes. They open them: KILOS OF DRUGS.

YAKUZA THUG #1
It's clear...

FROM ABOVE:

RILEY IS ON TOP OF THE BOX TRUCK. Flat on her back. Unseen...

The Driver and Thugs carry boxes into the restaurant.

Riley slides off the truck like a cat. Grabs a box. Follows them.

81 INT. KO-SHO JAPANESE RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 81

The Thugs put their boxes down. Riley strolls up. Puts her box down on theirs.

They look at her. She looks at them.

RILEY
I'm here about the Fry Cook gig.

They just blink and look mean...

RILEY (CONT'D)
You already hired somebody? Bummer...

YAKUZA THUG #1
Who the fuck are you?

YAKUZA THUG #2
Shit... That's her!

Same instant:

They pull guns and knives. Riley pulls her Glock - SHOVES IT TO HER OWN TEMPLE.

RILEY
Should I shoot her? I should, right? Yeah, fuck it, I'll shoot her...

The Bad Guys hesitate for just one moment...

82 EXT. KO-SHO JAPANESE RESTAURANT - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 82

GUNSHOTS. A Thug flies out the back door.

Another RUNS OUT ON FIRE...

83 INT. POLICE STATION - CRIME ANALYSIS CENTER - NIGHT 83

The Analyst works. Data skates across the screen. The crime map goes backwards in history.

Inman watches intently, Carmichael gets a little closer...

ANALYST
Nothing. No sector or neighborhood stands out. No spike in crimes...

Inman frowns.

CARMICHAEL
It was worth a shot. It was a good idea...

Just about to leave, when...

She notices something on the map. Points to a HOLE OF CRIME near downtown. Nothing reported...

AGENT INMAN
And, that is..?

ANALYST
Skid row...

AGENT INMAN
Why is it safer than Bel Air?

ANALYST
Software glitch. Something's wrong with the programming in that sector. We've had I.T. working on it for a while to track down the bug. Happens sometimes...

Suddenly, A CLUSTER OF RED DOTS explodes on screen...

ANALYST
(re: red dot alarms)
Shit... Building on fire. Gunshots... more gunshots... Multiple reports of explosions.

CARMICHAEL
Goddamnit. Doesn't she need to take a nap, or something...

AGENT INMAN
What's that location?

ANALYST
1211 Magnolia. Ko-Sho Japanese Restaurant...

Inman heads for the door.

AGENT INMAN
Take off. I'll catch up.

CARMICHAEL
Catch up? Where are you going?

AGENT INMAN
To check out a hunch.

CARMICHAEL
We didn't talk about a hunch. What hunch..?

Carmichael's cell phone RINGS. He answers...

CARMICHAEL (ON CELL)
I know, I *know*.

The Analyst grabs Carmichael's shirt sleeve.

ANALYST
Hey, do you know if she's single?

Carmichael glares at him...

84 **EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT** **84**

Dead calm and quiet. Silhouettes of grave stones stretch forth into shadow.

Riley stands before them. Her face as much stone as the grave markers.

A woman stares into the abyss.

Then, the wind blows something across her face we haven't seen in a while...

A tinge of fear. Of love. Of the Old Riley.

Steeling herself, Riley walks into the the midst of the grave stones.

85 **EXT. CEMETARY - CHRIS & CARLY GRAVES - NIGHT** **85**

Riley kneels before two graves: CHRIS AND CARLY NORTH.

She traces Carly's name with her finger.

RILEY
You were right... I shoulda punched her lights out.

Her eyes moisten, as her gaze falls to Chris' grave stone.

RILEY
Goddamnit, Chris...

She wipes her eyes. Sucks in cool air. Looks heavenward.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I tried to hate you for years.

Buries her face in her hands. Everything in her wants to come apart. She battles five years of tears and sadness. Keep it down. Not yet.

Not.

Yet.

But, even still, sobs come. With bittersweet friends.

RILEY (CONT'D)
You were trying to help us. Give us something better. Why didn't you talk to me? That's what we do. Together. You and me against the world. And, now it's just me... It's just me, Chris.

Some things won't be denied. Riley falls onto her hands. And, cries.

RILEY
I miss you. I miss you so much...

A tsunami of pent up grief washes over her. Her teeth clench. Struggles against the tide. To not be swept away by it.

With Herculean effort, she slowly wrestles the pain back into a box somewhere deep inside.

Don't come undone. Not yet.

A battle she loses twelve times in ten seconds.

Riley fights her way back to something in the vicinity of composure. Pulls out THE PLASTIC PRINCESS CROWN out of the Santa Sack.

Places it on top of Carly's headstone.

RILEY
Peppermint in your blood, snow in your eyes. Love in your heart. Happy Birthday, Baby.

Riley wipes tears away. Refuses any more. Stands. Picks up the sack of weapons.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I'll see you guys soon.

And, disappears into the night...

86 **EXT. KO-SHO JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT** **86**

A car is embedded in the front. DEAD THUGS ON THE SIDEWALK. Walls and windows perforated with bullet holes.

Moses and Carmichael stand over a body. Take in the scene of destruction.

MOSES
We have *got* to get ahead of this...

CARMICHAEL
I'm open to bright ideas. We've got every black and white in the city looking. Every camera. Her face is all over the news...

MOSES
I don't think the public is gonna help us much...

Moses nods towards ONLOOKERS behind the crime scene tape.

THEY'RE SMILING. These people are happy this place is destroyed.

MOSES (CONT'D)
Heard the Department's Social Media sites are gettin' hammered with support for her...

CARMICHAEL
For a murderer..?

MOSES
To you and me. But, what is she to *them*? Hell, one night she's probably done more good than you and me from day one.

Carmichael looks at the Onlookers again. They hug one another. Exchange smiles...

Moses sighs heavy. Rubs his face.

MOSES
Give me some good news. Did you get in touch with Narcotics? About a list of Garcia's locations?

Carmichael fidgets. Doesn't want to say it.

CARMICHAEL
I tried. Nobody will call me back.

They share a look.

Moses nods knowingly.

MOSES
Bigfoot says Hi.

87 **EXT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT** **87**

Two Goons drag a VERY DEAD MARVIN past a herd of souped up STREET BIKES parked in front of the house...

88 **INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT** **88**

Lancaster, Blue Eyes, and Gold Teeth sit outside a closed door. Exchange nervous glances.

The door opens -

FIVE PISSED OFF, HARD ASS YAKUZA GANGSTERS storm out silently.

Garcia exits a beat later. Pale as a ghost. Wipes his face.

GARCIA
The bitch is going to get us all killed.

Pours himself a drink.

GARCIA (CONT'D)
What hasn't she hit?

LANCASTER
The warehouse.

GARCIA
Send everyone there and just fucking kill her when she shows up. Please.

LANCASTER
I wouldn't do that...

GARCIA
You wanna tell the cartel why business is coming to a screeching fucking halt?

Lancaster goes to Garcia.

LANCASTER
Somethin's been bugging the shit out of me. How'd she know about Marvin? The *one* guy in that club who just happened to know the whole operation? The only one she left alive...

Garcia ponders.

GARCIA
She's been watching us..?

LANCASTER
Who knows for how long. Those missing shipments? It was fucking her. Rattle the cage. See who moves. Stir shit up...

GARCIA
Find the moving pieces...

LANCASTER
Got the cartel up our ass. Now, Yakuza. She's been fucking with us for *weeks*. We just didn't know it.

Garcia sits. Anger rises...

GARCIA
You think she'll go for the warehouse?

Lancaster nods.

GOLD TEETH
What do we do?

GARCIA
Give it to her.

89 **EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** **89**

Rusted and rundown. TWO GOONS patrol the front. AK-47 pistols under jackets.

A RENTED TRUCK rumbles up to the front of the warehouse...

90 **EXT. DIFFERENT WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **90**

Riley watches the Rented Truck disappear into the Industrial Warehouse's main door...

91 **EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** **91**

Guard Goon #1 scans. Bored.

Riley comes out of the shadows-- grabs his ankles AND YANKS THEM STRAIGHT BACK. Falls flat on his face.

Drags him into the dark.

Guard Goon #2 investigates the noise. Peers into the dark. Then, steps back slowly...

...RILEY'S DAGGER IS EMBEDDED IN HIS HEART. He stares it, confused.

Drops dead.

92 INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 92

Darkness and slivers of fluorescent light. Plywood "rooms" constructed here and there...

Riley moves through the KILOS and KILOS OF DRUGS stacked up.

VOICES from a room. She "slices the pie" around the open door...

93 INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - PRODUCT ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 93

WOMEN AND CHILDREN. Dust masks. Underwear. Exhausted eyes. Literal slaves.

They cut drugs at a long table. Freeze when Riley enters.

Stare fear. She waves them out. They don't move. Too afraid.

Riley picks up one of the kids. Puts him into the arms of one of the women.

RILEY
(whispers)
Run.

94 INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 94

Riley provides cover, as the Slaves rush out behind her.

Last one out, she moves further into the warehouse...

Eyes scan. Weapon moving. Listens.

DEAD QUIET. There's no one here.

Makes the hair on the back of her neck stand up.

She casts a distrustful eye over at the Rental Truck parked in the middle of the warehouse...

95 **INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NEAR PARKED RENTAL TRUCK - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER** **95**

Riley checks the cabin of the truck. Goes to the rear. Grabs the handle to throw up the cargo door and...

STOPS.

Instinct. Sixth sense. SLOWLY takes her hand away.

She moves to the front of the warehouse. Looks out windows. Checks the rooftops...

CUT TO:

96 **EXT. DIFFERENT ROOFTOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **96**

Gold Teeth watches the Slaves run out the back door of the Industrial Warehouse. Cell phone to his ear...

GOLD TEETH (ON CELL)
She's definitely in there. Why hasn't she opened it, yet..?

97 **EXT. YET ANOTHER ROOFTOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **97**

Blue Eyes watches the front of the warehouse.

BLUE EYES (ON CELL)
I don't know. Do it remotely.

98 **EXT. DIFFERENT ROOFTOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **98**

Gold Teeth ducks. Pulls a BURNER PHONE out of his pocket...

99 **INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - RENTAL TRUCK CARGO AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **99**

The cargo area is loaded with 55-GALLON DRUMS. Wires. THE WHOLE THING IS A BIG FUCKING BOMB.

100 **INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **100**

Desperately, Riley pulls on a LARGE DRAINAGE GRATE in the floor.

Strains with all her might. Doesn't budge. Veins bulge in her neck...

RILEY
(struggles)
Mother...*fucker*...

101 **EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **101**

A muffled CELL PHONE RINGS.

A BEAT hangs...

KA-FUCKING-BOOM -

The warehouse EXPLODES. Windows blow out. The roof collapses. Fire engulfs the entire thing.

102 **EXT. DIFFERENT ROOFTOP - NIGHT** **102**

Gold Teeth looks over the ledge at the inferno.

GOLD TEETH (ON CELL)
You see her get out?

103 **EXT. YET ANOTHER ROOFTOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **103**

Blue Eyes smiles at the fire.

BLUE EYES
She’s a memory.

104 **EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - NIGHT** **104**

A sweet assed ESCALADE roars away...

...a STORM DRAIN GRATE CLANGS across the street in front of us.

Riley crawls out of the storm drain under the sidewalk. Pulls herself onto the street. Looks at the receding Escalade tail lights.

105 **EXT. ECONOBOX - PARKED ON ANOTHER INDUSTRIAL STREET - NIGHT** **105**

Riley runs to the Econobox car. Covered in grime. Half-soaked. Clothes torn. And...

...very, very, VERY PISSED.

She ditches the jacket. Throws open the door. Takes out the Santa Sack-- Pulls out a “chest rig”.

Straps it on her torso. Grabs magazines. Shoves them into mag pouches. Retrieves an M4 lower and SBR upper receiver...

Puts it together. Screws on a SUPPRESSOR. Slaps a mag in. Racks the slide.

Starts the Econobox. PEELS out. Anemic engine squealing...

106 **INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT** **106**

Lancaster watches Garcia pace. Dude is a nervous wreck.

A cell phone RINGS.

LANCASTER
It's them.
(answers cell)
Yeah..?

107 **INT. ECONOBOX - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **107**

Riley drives the shit out of the small car. The engine screams. Slaloms traffic at 90 MPH.

108 **INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **108**

Gold Teeth behind the wheel. Blue Eyes at shotgun. Handsfree call.

BLUE EYES (ON CELL)
We smoked her ass.

Gold Teeth stops for a RED LIGHT and laughs.

109 **INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **109**

LANCASTER
(to Garcia)
They got her.

Lancaster puts the phone on speaker.

GARCIA (ON CELL)
Are you sure?

110 **EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **110**

The Econobox is stopped in thick traffic. Door open...

Rifle up, Riley runs between cars. Makes for the Escalade.

111 INT. ESCALADE - PARKED AT RED LIGHT ON CITY STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 111

BLUE EYES
She was in there when it went up.

GOLD TEETH (ON CELL)
Ain't nobody livin' through that shit. No way. Trust me.

The red light changes green.

112 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 112

Riley gallops to a stop, as the Escalade races away.

RILEY
Damnit.

A Mercedes HONKS at her. She jumps on its hood.

Points the M4 at the HOLLYWOOD WEASEL behind the wheel.

RILEY
Get. The fuck. *Out*.

113 INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT 113

Garcia and Lancaster are all smiles.

GARCIA (ON CELL)
You bastards are *set*. I'm gonna cut your asses in on the action in your areas. That's how set you are...

114 INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 114

Gold Teeth and Blue Eyes slap some skin.

GOLD TEETH (ON CELL)
Thank you, Boss.

GARCIA (ON CELL)
Catch you shortly.

Blue eyes rings off, grinning like a jackass.

BLUE EYES
Do you believe that?

GOLD TEETH
Fuckin' made men.

115 **INT. STOLEN MERCEDES - MOVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **115**

Riley drives it like she stole it. The Escalade barely visible ahead in glimpses.

She stomps the gas through a red light -

Sending cars spinning...

116 **EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT** **116**

Riley's stolen Mercedes follows the Escalade up narrow, twisting roads...

117 **INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **117**

Gold Teeth eyeballs the headlights in his rearview.

GOLD TEETH
Is that car followin' us?

Blue Eyes turns around. Watches the Mercedes PASS THEM.

It disappears around a turn.

BLUE EYES
I told you to lay off the shit.
You're gettin' paranoid.

GOLD TEETH
Man, kiss my ass.

BLUE EYES
You're gettin' dumber. I can tell.

GOLD TEETH
Hey, don't start your... *Shit!*

He LOCKS THE BRAKES.

Skids to a stop to avoid hitting the Mercedes that is parked in the middle of the road.

GOLD TEETH
The fuck is this guy's problem...

Blue Eyes glances over to reply. His jaw hits the ground.

RILEY APPEARS LIKE SMOKE OUTSIDE THE DRIVER'S WINDOW.

BAM BAM.

She shoots Blue Eyes. Shoves her dagger through the shattered glass, straight down behind Gold Teeth's clavicle.

He SCREAMS.

RILEY
Where are you goin', Jack Rabbit?

118 EXT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT 118

GOONS at the ready. Pistols and AKs. A perimeter.

119 EXT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - GATE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 119

At the gate, TWO GOONS squint against the BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS approaching. #1 sees the Escalade.

GOON #1
It's them. Open it.

#2 opens the gate. The Escalade creeps up. #1 approaches the Driver's side.

BAM.

He drops where he stands. BULLETS PERFORATE THE WINDSHIELD, killing Goon #2.

120 INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 120

Garcia and Lancaster, celebratory drinks in hand, react to GUNSHOTS outside...

GARCIA
The hell was that..?

121 EXT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 121

Riley exits the Escalade. Leaves it in gear. It rolls forward at an idle.

TRACKING WITH:

The Escalade rolls across the lawn. Garcia's Goons light it up. Attracted like moths to flame. A DIN of gunfire.

Riley walks far behind the Escalade. Unnoticed and...

Firing her suppressed M4. She mows through the distracted and panicked bastards. UTTERLY UNPREPARED for someone of her skill.

They can't hear the SUPPRESSED CRACK of her shots over the sound of their own gunfire.

She's fast. Precise.

A ballet of death.

122 **INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **122**

Garcia and Lancaster watch from the window. Icy fingers squeeze spines.

LANCASTER
Kill the lights!

123 **EXT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **123**

Riley SHOOTS ACROSS THE FRONT DOOR and both sides of the door frame.

Kicks it open, as the lights go OFF...

124 **INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **124**

Goon #3 and Goon #4 fall from the shots she sent through the door.

She moves on. Not fast. Not slow. Confident. Merciless.

GOON #5 FIRES AT HER FROM A DOOR WAY and ducks back in.

Riley SHOOTS THROUGH THE WALLS INTO THE ROOM. Enters dynamically.

Disappears from our sight.

We hear GUNFIRE. And, Riley sweeps back into the hallway.

The Grim fucking Reaper.

125 INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - BEDROOM - NIGHT 125

Riley sweeps in to clear the room. A shadow moves.

She hits her weapon light: IT'S MARY.

She cowers in a corner. Her battered face visible in the stark light.

MARY
No... *please*.

Riley goes to her.

RILEY
It's OK, it's OK. I'm not here to hurt you.

Mary looks at her. Gets it. Points down the hall.

MARY
(whispers)
He...

Last word. GOON #6 and GOON #7 come through the door, firing.

Riley pulls her sidearm. Takes down the Goon #6. Goon #7 fires wild, as Riley dives behind the bed.

He approaches the bed. Ready to kill Riley when she pops up. But...

...SHE SLIDES OUT FROM UNDER THE BED. Between his legs.

126 INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - DEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 126

GUNSHOTS AND THE BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM of Goon #7 echo.

Garcia blanches. Takes cover behind furniture. Aims a pistol at the door.

The GUARD THUG with him fidgets nervously.

Death has come for them. They can sense it...

127 INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 127

Mary is slumped over, dead. BULLET HOLES in her chest.

Wrath burns in Riley's eyes. She glares at Goon #6...

...who has the mis-fucking-fortune of still breathing.

128 INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 128

Goon #6 walks. Gagged. Riley behind him...

HER DAGGER PLUNGED INTO HIS BACK. Upward angle. Controls him like a puppet. He goes where she leads.

You would, too.

Sliding panel doors at the end of the hall. Riley BOOTS GOON #6 THROUGH THE DOORS...

129 INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - DEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 129

Garcia and the Guard Thug SHOOT THE FIGURE THAT CRASHES IN. All the way to the ground.

Scared shitless, they approach the body...

When, Riley enters like the Devil, himself. She drops the Guard Thug. Aims at Garcia and advances...

His pistol empty. He stumbles back in terror.

Riley stops with her barrel three inches from his face.

Stares Hell into him.

This motherfucker is going to die for what he's done.

Slowly, she presses the barrel against his forehead. Her finger tightens on the trigger.

When...

ANA (O.C.)
Daddy..!

Riley pivots to the door... AND STOPS COLD.

IT'S A 13 YEAR OLD GIRL (ANA). Older version of Carly.

Riley blinks. Can't/Won't fire.

Just a moment. Just a breath of hesitation...

She pivots back to Garcia and...

BANG -

HE FUCKING SHOOTS RILEY. A backup pistol from his belt.

Riley staggers and shoots. Misses.

Garcia fires wildly, in retreat. Forces Riley to dive for cover. She SCREAMS IN AGONY, as Lancaster enters FIRING.

MORE GOONS arrive.

Pinned down. Furniture chewed to splinters around her. Doubled in pain. Outgunned.

She FIRES THROUGH A WINDOW.

130 EXT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - REAR GROUNDS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 130

Riley CRASHES out the window onto the back deck and JUMPS over the rail...

POLICE SIRENS EBB INTO FOCUS--

131 EXT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - REAR DECK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 131

Garcia and Lancaster run onto the deck. Look down.

Nothing but trees. Shadows. Blood on the rail...

LANCASTER
(re: sirens)
We gotta go. *Now*...

132 INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - DEN - NIGHT 132

Garcia grabs Ava protectively. Runs out with Lancaster leading the way...

133 EXT. WOODS IN THE HILLS - NIGHT 133

Riley tumbles. FALLS through branches. BANGS into trees. Rolls. With a bone-jarring THUD..

She stops.

Picks herself up. Weapon gone. Body screaming. Limp runs. Gasps. Holds her stomach...

Looks at her hand - COVERED IN DEEP RED BLOOD.

134 INT. INMAN'S SEDAN - MOVING - SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT 134

Familiar part of town to us. Inman parks her car. Looks at her iPhone...

CLOSE ON: THE MAP WE SAW AT THE POLICE HIGH TECH WAR ROOM. The icon tells us she's parked in that "Hole of Crime".

The place in Skid Row that was "safer than Bel Air".

135 EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - BEHIND TRASH CANS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 135

Our old pals Ray Ray, Maria, and Jose watch Inman exit her car.

RAY RAY
That's a Cop...

JOSE
How can you tell?

MARIA
Who would be dumb enough to bring a new car here?

RAY RAY
A Cop.

136 EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 136

Inman sees Ray Ray, Maria, and Jose doing a lousy job of hiding behind garbage cans.

AGENT INMAN
Hi.

The kids freeze.

AGENT INMAN (CONT'D)
Can I ask you guys something?

They bolt like bunnies into the shadows.

Inman looks up and down the street. It slowly becomes obvious...

...IT IS DEAD QUIET. Not a soul, anywhere.

Just that OLD VAN up the street. Out of place and alone.

HOMELESS SAM (O.C.)
You lost?

Inman sees Homeless Sam on the sidewalk.

AGENT INMAN
I'm looking for somebody.

HOMELESS SAM
Ain't nobody lookin' for the *nobody's*.

AGENT INMAN
Isn't it dangerous around here at night?

HOMELESS SAM
Not anymore.

AGENT INMAN
Why not?

HOMELESS SAM
We got us an angel.

Sam gets to his feet. Pulls his faded old military jacket tight.

He pushes his cart SQUEAKING away...

Inman notices GRAFFITI on the wall where Sam sat. Graffiti that's been there all along, we just haven't noticed it...

It stretches from sidewalk to roof on the wall.

She pulls a pocket flashlight. Lights up the wall...

...A CRUDE GRAFFITI ANGEL. CLEARLY FEMALE. CLEARLY FIERCE.

Inman looks up the street at the Old Van...

137 EXT. WOODS IN THE HILLS - NIGHT 137

On the ground. Bloody. Filthy. Fucked up. Unconscious.

Riley jerks awake with a YELL. Glock in hand. Wild-eyed, she backs up to a tree.

Takes her a moment to realize which Hell she's actually in.

The HELICOPTERS AND SIRENS in the distance help. So does the pain of the gunshot.

She stumbles off into the woods...

138 **EXT. SWANKY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT** **138**

Riley walks up the driveway. Steadies herself on the parked BMW. Sheer willpower gets her to the front door.

She rings the bell. The door opens a crack...

...IT'S FUCKING PEG.

PEG
Riley...?

Riley slugs the hell out of her.

RILEY
Yeah... I remember the address, you bitch.

139 **INT. SWANKY HILLS HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT** **139**

Blood all over the place. Riley looks at the chest rig she sports. Garcia's bullet hit a magazine, but still went through...

With great agony, she pulls the chest rig off. Lifts her shirt. Checks the bullet wound.

Not good. Lower chest. Below the sternum...

140 **INT. SWANKY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT** **140**

Peg is tied to a chair. Nose bleeds. Riley enters.

RILEY
Where's Penelope?

PEG
(spits)
College.

RILEY
College..?

Hits Riley hard. Doesn't compute for a moment. Has it been that long?

She shakes it off.

RILEY
Didn't come home for the holidays, huh? Don't blame her.

Riley spots car keys on a table. Takes them.

PEG
You're fucking crazy... Everything they said about you was true...

RILEY
And, everybody thinks you're a cunt. Can't help but notice there's not a ring on your finger anymore. He left you, didn't he? For someone younger and prettier. Without hooves...

PEG
Go fuck yourself.

Riley presses her Glock to Peg's forehead. Peg comes unglued. Pisses herself.

RILEY
Oops...

PEG
Yes! He left me. OK? You're right. *Please*... This won't bring her back. I'm sorry Carly's gone...

Riley looks at her like she said the sky was green.

RILEY
She's not. No, she's not. She's *not gone*...

Lowers the Glock.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I talk to her all the time... I *hear* her...

Peg is at a loss.

RILEY (CONT'D)
She's waiting for me.

Holsters her Glock. Stumbles for the door.

PEG
They'll catch you. You're going to spend the rest of your life in prison.

Riley sways. Catches herself from falling.

RILEY
Peg, I'm going to burn your house down now. With you inside of it.

PEG
Riley, no..! God, please no! What did I ever do to you? Don't do this..!

Riley opens the door.

RILEY
Be right back.

141 EXT. SWANKY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 141

Riley staggers to the BMW. We can hear Peg yelling protests inside.

But, Riley just gets in the car and backs out.

Runs over Peg's mailbox in the process...

142 INT. PEG'S BMW - MOVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 142

Riley drives away. Fights to stay upright.

Fading fast...

143 EXT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT 143

Cops everywhere. Ambulances. Bodies covered in sheets.

Moses picks up a shell casing. A YOUNG DETECTIVE approaches.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
House was paid for in cash, six months ago. Front company out of Belize. Could belong to any of a number of scumbags...

Moses has a handful of brass shell casings in his other hand. Tosses them one by one...

MOSES
AK-47... AK-47... 9mm.... 40 Cal... Scattered. Those were the defenders. Runnin' all over the place. Scared shitless.

He holds up the one we saw him pick up.

MOSES (CONT'D)
220 grain .300 Blackout. Subsonic. Best with a suppressor...

He points...

MOSES (CONT'D)
Ejection pattern is a straight progression from the gate to the front door. It was *her*. This is Jonas Garcia's house. One of 'em, at least.

Tosses the shell to the Young Detective.

MOSES
You seen Carmichael anywhere? I can't get him on the phone.

The kid shakes his head.

MOSES (CONT'D)
Ask around. If you see his dumb ass, tell him to call me. Gettin' a little worried about him...

Two plain clothes Cops approach. "NARCOTICS" across the back of their tactical vests.

Moses makes for the guy with the Magnum P.I. mustache: BARKER, age 50.

DETECTIVE BARKER
Hey, Moses. Find out who owns the house..?

Moses pulls him away from the other Cops.

MOSES
What the fuck's going on with your Department? Carmichael tried to get a list of Jonas Garcia locations from you guys. And, he gets blown off? You got somebody tryin' to *protect* that motherfucker.

DETECTIVE BARKER
Moses...

MOSES
Don't Moses me, man. You got fuckin' rats.

Barker pulls his arm away.

DETECTIVE BARKER
I've been trying to call Carmichael all goddamned *night*.

Moses steps back like he was hit. Does not compute.

MOSES
Say that again...

DETECTIVE BARKER
Calls, texts, emails, went by his desk twice. I've tried everything but fuckin' smoke signals. We've tried to coordinate with him since this thing started. Who told you we didn't call him back?

BEAT.

MOSES
He did...

DETECTIVE BARKER
Well, I don't know what he's smokin', 'cause that's bullshit. Why would he lie to ya like that?

MOSES
Where's the Fed..?

DETECTIVE BARKER
Who?

MOSES
Inman. The FBI Agent...

DETECTIVE BARKER
Haven't seen her.

Moses rubs his face, as an awful thought hits him.

MOSES
I thought it was because he was interested in her...

DETECTIVE BARKER
Know that shit they call sense? You're not making any.

Moses pulls out his cell phone. Heads for his car.

MOSES (ON CELL)
This is LAPD Detective Moses. I need the personal cell phone number for one of your Agents...

144 EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT 144

Carmichael exits a sedan. Inman opens the back of the van, as he approaches.

Pulls the thin mattress aside: IT'S A FUCKING ARMORY.

CARMICHAEL
Do we know that's hers?

Inman shines a flashlight onto the Graffiti Angel.

AGENT INMAN
That might be what we call in the business, a clue.

Carmichael is floored by it.

AGENT INMAN (CONT'D)
This van wasn't even locked. You'd have to be insane to leave a vehicle in this neighborhood. But, unlocked? With an arsenal inside?

CARMICHAEL
People are too afraid to steal from her...

AGENT INMAN
I don't think it's fear, Stan. It's not a software glitch that makes this area look low crime. It *is* low crime. Because, of her...

Carmichael closes the van.

CARMICHAEL
How do you want to play it?

AGENT INMAN
Set up surveillance. Apprehend her her when she returns. We can take her alive.

CARMICHAEL
Alive...

AGENT INMAN
She's obviously been watching Garcia's operation for weeks. God only knows what she's figured out. If we can get her to talk, we can bring down Garcia's entire enterprise. Him. His suppliers. *Everything* and everybody.

She makes for her car.

AGENT INMAN
I'll coordinate the inter-agency...

CARMICHAEL
Inman?

She turns.

CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)
I have to tell you something...

AGENT INMAN
Oh, my God. Yes. OK? I'll go out with you. You're horrible at this, you realize that, don't you?

Carmichael smiles a pained smile.

CARMICHAEL
I just wanted you to know that I never meant to end up here.

AGENT INMAN
What are you talking about?

CARMICHAEL
I'm sorry.

Carmichael PULLS A SILVER REVOLVER. Aims at her.

A moment of shock. She goes for her gun.

BAM.

Carmichael shoots her...

145 EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - BEHIND TRASH CANS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 145

Ray Ray, Maria, and Jose jump at the GUNSHOT. Maria almost screams. Jose covers her mouth.

They watch Inman drop dead.

146 **EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **146**

BAM.

Carmichael puts another one in her.

Wipes prints off the silver revolver. Tosses it into a TRASH CAN. Dials a burner cell phone...

CARMICHAEL (ON CELL)
I know where to find her.

INTERCUT WITH:

147 **INT. GARCIA SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **147**

Modest house. Barely furnished. Garcia on a cell. Viper eyes narrow to slits.

GARCIA (ON CELL)
You tell your boys it's time to earn the money. I'll be there.

Garcia rings off. Turns to Lancaster and a handful of hard ass CUT THROATS.

GARCIA
We're solvin' this problem tonight...

ANA (O.C.)
Dad...

Ana enters. Garcia waves her in. Sends the others out.

GARCIA
You're going to stay with your uncle for a little while...

ANA
Don't send me away again. I can help..!

GARCIA
Somebody's tryin' take away everything your Daddy's worked for. What did I teach to do when somebody tries to hurt you?

ANA
Hurt 'em back.

GARCIA
It's too dangerous for you to be around.

He hugs her. Kisses her forehead.

ANA
Why does that woman want to hurt you?

Garcia looks at his daughter.

For a fleeting second, shame clouds his face.

GARCIA
Something that happened a long time ago. I'll see you soon.

She gives him a sad wave. And, walks out of the room.

148 **EXT. SKID ROW STREET - NIGHT** **148**

Peg's BMW is up on the curb. Wrecked. Door open...

149 **EXT. SKID ROW ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **149**

Riley drags herself along the wall. Shuffles a few more steps...

Falls flat on her face.

Goes still.

Then, the SHUFFLING of feet. A pair of filthy, ratty shoes enter the frame.

Then, another pair. And, another...

150 **EXT. SKID ROW ALLEY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER** **150**

Three HOMELESS PEOPLE carry an unconscious Riley.

Gently. Reverently...

151 **INT. BOARDED UP STORE FRONT - NIGHT** **151**

Plywood over the windows. Out of business since '88. Riley lays on a table. Homeless Sam checks her wounds...

Ray Ray, Maria, and Jose look on. A few HOMELESS behind them.

JOSE
You can fix her, right?

Homeless Sam shakes his head.

MARIA
I thought you were a medic in World War One...

HOMELESS SAM
Vietnam.

Riley moans.

Like a striking snake, Riley grabs Homeless Sam by the throat. Sits up, as Sam wrestles himself free. Gagging...

HOMELESS SAM
Goddamn, woman...

She looks around. Decides it's safe. Doubles over in pain.

RILEY
Get me to my Van...

Sam looks at her like she's insane.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I'm not done...

HOMELESS SAM
You need a hospital.

Riley shakes her head.

HOMELESS SAM (CONT'D)
You gonna die. You gotta go. Save your life...

RILEY
I said no.

The Kids are confused. But, Sam gets it. Nods knowingly...

Riley tries to get off the table. Can't. Angry at her condition. Growls frustration.

HOMELESS SAM
She *wants* to die.

RAY RAY
You can't die! *No*...

RILEY
Get away from me...

Maria strokes Riley's arm.

MARIA
Please...

JOSE
You make us safe...

RAY RAY
You're our angel...

RILEY
I'm not your fucking angel. I'm not here to protect you. I haven't done anything for *you*. Get the hell away from me!

Hurt on the faces of the Kids. Of the Homeless. Heartbroken, they slink off into the shadows.

Except Homeless Sam.

HOMELESS SAM
That shit was uncalled for.

Riley flips him off.

HOMELESS SAM (CONT'D)
Po-lice know you're here. Them Kids saw one Cop kill another over it. Be comin' soon...

Riley puts her face in her hands.

HOMELESS SAM (CONT'D)
If dead is what you want... You'll have it. That's a damned shame...

RILEY
What the fuck do you know..?

HOMELESS SAM
You think you the first person hate took everything from..?

Pulls his jacket tight.

HOMELESS SAM (CONT'D)
You just the next one.

He shuffles out the door.

Riley tries to get to her feet. Takes a herculean step. Collapses in a heap.

Rage and an agony deeper than the gunshot burn. Shit that she's buried deep for years, comes pouring out.

Riley sobs.

152 **EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT** **152**

TWO BLACK SUVs parked. A DARK VAN pulls alongside. Carmichael opens the back. SIX DIRTY COPS GET OUT.

They sport gray coveralls and balaclavas, as Garcia, Lancaster, and SIX THUGS disembark the SUVs.

CARMICHAEL
(to Garcia)
Got someone in the 911 Center. Any calls from this area will route through him.

Garcia nods. Carmichael is nervous.

CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)
Is this smart? We're announcing ourselves. I don't *know* that she's here yet...

Garcia surveys the street. A predator's instinct.

GARCIA
She's here.
(to all)
Somebody knows where. Hurt them until they tell you.

They disperse across the street. Enter buildings...

153 **EXT. SKID ROW ALLEY - NIGHT** **153**

A Thug and a Dirty Cop throw a HOMELESS WOMAN into a wall.

DIRTY COP
Where is she..?

154 **INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT** **154**

The door is KICKED IN... Dirty Cops swarm in. Scare the fuck out of the OLD COUPLE within...

155 **INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **155**

The Old Couple is dragged into the hallway. OTHERS have been dragged out of their apartments, too.

Thugs KICK AND BEAT people randomly...

THUG
Somebody better start talkin'..!

An OLD MAN looks up defiantly.

The Thug BEATS him mercilessly...

156 **EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT** **156**

YELLS and SCREAMS echo from all directions.

A Dirty Cop tackles Ray Ray. A Thug drags Maria by the hair. Another carries Jose over, kicking and screaming.

Dirty Cop #1 puts a gun to Ray Ray's head.

DIRTY COP #1
(to Jose)
Tell us what we wanna know.

RAY RAY
Don't say nothin'!

DIRTY COP #1
I'm gonna shoot your friend.
Understand me?

MARIA
Let him go..!

157 **INT. BOARDED UP STORE FRONT - NIGHT** **157**

We can hear the assault outside. Terrified screams. Shouts from the attackers.

Riley is still. Face on the dirty floor. Eyes closed.

She looks dead.

Wait...

CLOSE ON: Riley's face.

TEARS leak from her eyes...

SMASH CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF RILEY'S LIFE:

Wrong color visions. The Life passing before the eyes "moment-of-death". Rapid fire snippets, intercut with earlier scenes:

158 ***I./E. RILEY & CHRIS' HOUSE - DAY - MONTAGE*** **158**

Riley and Chris carry baby Carly home.

Carly's first step.

159 ***INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - MONTAGE*** **159**

Carly in a hospital, Riley and Chris at her bed side...

160 ***INT. BASEMENT SOMEWHERE - NIGHT - MONTAGE*** **160**

Riley fights for her life in a basement cage match.

161 ***I./E. RILEY & CHRIS' HOUSE - DAY - MONTAGE*** **161**

Birthdays. Skinned knees...

RILEY
But, it's our job to be good. Look out for people. To do what's right...

162 ***INT. NON-DESCRIPT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - MONTAGE*** **162**

Riley, weapons training.

Pistol transitions.

163 ***EXT. NON-DESCRIPT ALLEY - NIGHT - MONTAGE*** **163**

A fire fight - somewhere in her past.

164 ***INT. RILEY & CHRIS' HOUSE - DAY - MONTAGE*** **164**

Christmas morning presents...

RILEY
...or, we'd be just like them. Then what would the world look like?

RILEY
Everything in your life has prepared you for this moment...

165 ***EXT. RILEY & CHRIS' HOUSE - DAY - MONTAGE*** **165**

Baby Carly barfs on Chris.

166 ***INT. NON-DESCRIPT PRISON CELL - NIGHT - MONTAGE*** **166**

Riley hangs from a her hands in a prison cell - Beaten.

167 ***I./E. RILEY & CHRIS' HOUSE - DAY - MONTAGE*** **167**

Chris burns dinner. Riley burns dinner. Laughs.

Carly looks at us. Smiles.

CARLY
I love you, Mommy.

BACK TO:

168 **INT. BOARDED UP STORE FRONT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **168**

Riley's eyes snap open...

169 **EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT** **169**

Maria holds Jose. Ray Ray has his arms around both...

JOSE
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to...

MARIA
It's not your fault. It's OK...

170 EXT. BOARDED UP STORE FRONT - NIGHT 170

Lancaster and three Dirty Cop #1, #2 and #3 approach the broken door.

Dirty Cop #1 tosses a FLASH BANG GRENADE inside.

KA-POW -

A brilliant flash of light and a deafening BOOM to disorientate.

They file in...

171 INT. BOARDED UP STORE FRONT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 171

Bad Guys enter. Flashlights slice the darkness. Lights hit the spot where Riley should be...

But, SHE ISN'T THERE.

A Dirty Cop touches a dark spot on the floor. RILEY'S BLOOD.

Shines his weapon light into the shadows. Spots a door...

DIRTY COP #1
Back room...

172 INT. BOARDED UP STORE FRONT - BACK ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 172

Dusty old boxes, graffiti, and scattered papers.

The Bad Guys sweep in. The BACK DOOR AJAR. A BLOODY HANDPRINT on it from being pushed open.

Lancaster whistles. Points.

The Bad Guys exit, on the hunt.

Dirty Cop #3 is the last in line.

He don't make it...

A FOLDING CHAIR swings out of the shadows Babe Ruth style. CRACKS him across the face. Drops him on his back.

Riley oozes out of the shadows. Whacks the fucker again. Takes his gun. Pats him down. Finds a FLASHBANG. Unzips his coveralls and sees...

...the UNIFORM AND BADGE underneath.

RILEY
Great.

An ear piece in his ear. Riley takes it out, listens...

RADIO CHATTER.

She takes the radio. Puts the ear piece in...

RADIO CHATTER #1 (O.S.)
... south alley clear. She might still be in the building...

Still hurting. Still fucked up. Riley lifts the Dirty Cop with a Fireman's carry. Disappears into the dark with him...

173 INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 173

Carmichael and Garcia watch Dirty Cops and Thugs abuse PEOPLE for information...

DIRTY COP #1 (ON RADIO)
We've got a man down...

CARMICHAEL (ON RADIO)
Say again?

174 INT. BOARDED UP STORE FRONT - BACK ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 174

The Bad Guys look at Dirty Cop #3, who is face down where Riley was before.

DIRTY COP #1 (ON RADIO)
Man down.

Lancaster rolls Dirty Cop #3's body over...

PLING.

The spoon pops off the Flashbang Grenade under him--BOOBY TRAP. A near instant 180 decibel bang and a 1 million candela flash.

The Bad Guys are stunned. Temporarily deaf and blind.

Riley limps in, cool as November.

BAM.

BAM.

BAM.

Three head shots.

She keys the stolen radio.

RILEY (ON RADIO)
Looks like somebody is runnin' out of elves.

175 INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 175

Garcia boils...

RILEY (ON RADIO)
Listen to me. Get out of here. Leave these people alone. Just give Garcia to me and go. Or, so help me God, I will kill every fucking one of you. Your choice.

Thugs and Dirty Cops exchange glances. Some of 'em are pondering the offer.

Garcia notices.

GARCIA
She's bluffing! She's shot. She's wounded...

He snatches the radio from Carmichael.

176 EXT. SKID ROW - ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 176

Riley exits the back door of the store into the alley. Leans against a wall in pain.

GARCIA (ON RADIO)
Bullshit. I know you're hurtin'. Outmanned. Outgunned. How do you think this is going to *go*?

RILEY (ON RADIO)
I'm gonna to shoot you in the face. Figure I'll just wing it from there...

A CELL PHONE RINGS. Muffled. Somewhere in the alley.

RILEY (ON RADIO)
See you soon.

Riley slowly stalks the ring...

177 **INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT** **177**

Moses and Barker watch Agent Jones, phone to his ear, wait.

AGENT JONES
She's not answering me, either.

MOSES
Shit...

AGENT JONES
Inman has never not answered my call.

DETECTIVE BARKER
How do we wanna play this?

MOSES
(to Jones)
Can you use your FBI super powers on the cell phone carrier? Get us the last tower her phone was on...

Jones grabs a desk phone. Pounds digits.

DETECTIVE BARKER
Gotta tell you, I thought you were full of shit all these years. If you're right about this... I'm sorry.

Moses' eyes fall to a PHOTO on his desk-- He and Carmichael fishing. Goofy hats...

He throws it across the office.

178 **EXT. SKID ROW - ALLEY - NIGHT** **178**

A MISSED CALL CHIRP beeps and beeps...

Riley finds AGENT INMAN'S DEAD BODY. Dumped by Carmichael.

She pats the body down. Finds a gun on Inman's hip. FBI Badge. And, the CELL PHONE she heard.

When...

A pistol is pressed to the back of her head.

THUG (O.S.)
Drop the gun.

Riley curses herself. Drops her gun.

THUG (CONT'D)
Stand your ass up. *Slow*.

Riley stands. VERY slowly. Slides her hand across Inman's belt, as she does...

Fast as hell, Riley bat's the Thug's gun away from her head. SHOVES INMAN'S GUN UNDER HIS CHIN.

Knees him in the jewels. PISTOL WHIPS him across the head a few times. Wrist locks an arm.

RILEY
How many more of you are there?

THUG
Fuck you...

She bends the wrist until it nearly snaps.

THUG (CONT'D)
Eight! Eight I think... But, more's comin'. Like twenty or thirty. Garcia called *all* his boys...

Riley lets go.

RILEY
Damn... That's a lot a guys.

THUG
Yeah, you *fucked*.

She PUNCHES HIM IN THE THROAT. He drops to his knees. Thrashes. Gags.

RILEY
That's bad news. *Really* bad, actually...

A GLASS BOTTLE skitters across asphalt. A careless step.

Riley swings her weapon towards the sound. Advances...

179 EXT. SKID ROW ALLEY - FURTHER DOWN THE ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 179

TRACKING WITH RILEY:

Breathes deep and heavy. Adrenalin and agony course through her veins.

Blinks. FORCES herself to stay focused. Spots a SHOCK OF WHITE HAIR that pokes over a garbage can...

RILEY
Are you tryin' to give me a heart attack?

Homeless Sam peeks over the can.

HOMELESS SAM
You already half-dead and all fucked up. Ain't gonna hurt nothin'.

Sam abandons his hiding place.

RILEY
Everybody OK?

He sniffs derision. Shuffles off.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Hey, Sam..?

He turns on a dime. Mad.

HOMELESS SAM
You went and gave these people hope. Then, kicked 'em in the teeth. When all they was doin' was carin' about you. Wantin' to help. Now look where they be. Got these assholes beatin' on 'em. They won't talk. They *still* tryin' to help you.

Riley shrinks a foot in guilt.

Sam shuffles away.

RILEY
You're were right.

Sam stops.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Far as I'm concerned, I died five years ago. I just can't go, yet.

HOMELESS SAM
He took somebody from ya, didn't he?

RILEY
He took everybody.

Riley leans against a wall. Can't seem to put herself back together.

Sam sizes her up. He can almost see the pieces falling off of her.

HOMELESS SAM
You know, I... I used to have a house. A wife that made it a home, too. Had us a baby boy. Then... well, they said the Drunk Driver died before they did. So, that's a hard thing. Nothin' I could do. Only person I could take it out on was me. And, everybody else in this damned world.

RILEY
Well, I guess you showed them.

HOMELESS SAM
I did. I drank myself all the way here.

They share a chuckle. Causes Riley to wince in pain.

RILEY
Tonight was the only thing that kept me going. And, I managed to fuck it all up...

CAR ENGINES ebb into focus. Close...

HOMELESS SAM
Tonight ain't over.

180 **EXT. SKID ROW - ALLEY'S - MOUTH OF ALLEY - NIGHT** **180**

Riley and Sam watch five cars stop. TWENTY MORE BAD GUYS exit. Join the Thugs and Goons already present...

RILEY
I can't take all these guys like this, Sam.

HOMELESS SAM
Maybe you should run.

Riley steadies herself on Sam's shoulder. Shakes her head.

RILEY
That ain't happenin' either.

Sam has a seat.

HOMELESS SAM
Well... there's gotta be a way.

Riley notices what Sam sits on - a BUSTED TV from 1994.

She stares at it. Wheels turn. Pulls out Agent Inman's cell phone.

Shoots Sam a look...

HOMELESS SAM
What..?

181 **INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT** **181**

Agent Jones is still on the phone.

AGENT JONES
Still on hold. They're checking with the local switching center...

Moses sighs. Annoyed. Walks away...

Digs in pockets for change. Flings lint...

182 **INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** **182**

Moses drops coins into a COFFEE MACHINE. Presses buttons. Waits...

Damned shame he hasn't noticed the TV that's on in here.

The sound is off, but:

Split screen. A REPORTER and CRAPPY CELL PHONE VIDEO OF A SKID ROW STREET, SHOT FROM A ROOFTOP. GARCIA AND HIS ILK ARE VISIBLE...

News graphic reads:

"SUSPECTED TERRORIST RILEY NORTH LIVE..."

RILEY HAS MADE A FUCKING FACETIME/SKYPE VIDEO CALL TO THE LOCAL NEWS STATION.

Moses yawns. Sips coffee. Rubs his eyes. Glances at the TV.

Drops the coffee.

He throws magazines off a table. Knocks shit off a counter.

MOSES
Where's the remote..?

Tears the place apart. Runs out...

MOSES (O.C.)
Where's the *fucking* remote? For the TV! Where's the remote...

Moses drags a UNIFORMED COP in. Who snags the remote control off the fridge, as Barker and Jones enter...

DETECTIVE BARKER
What the hell is going on..?

Moses turns up the sound.

RILEY (ON TV)
...*That* dick head's a dirty Cop. *That* dick head's a dirty Cop... And, that fuck stick right there? That's Jonas Garcia...

REPORTER (ON TV)
Riley, we can't use language like that...

Moses sees Carmichael on the video.

MOSES
Son of a bitch...

Moses tears ass out of the room. Jones and Barker on his heels.

Riley turns the camera on herself.

RILEY (ON TV)
Get some news trucks down here. Come on down and bring your cell phone cameras. Hey, LAPD. This is where the party is. Come and get me.

Riley points the camera back at the street. WHERE WE SEE A THUG DRAGGING MARIA...

RILEY (ON TV)
Oh, fuck no...

The screen goes black.

REPORTER (ON TV)
Riley? Riley..? I guess we lost the connection... In what I'm pretty sure was a first. I think we just some sort of broadcast history here...

183 EXT. NEWS STATION - NIGHT 183

Reporters and Cameramen in a frenzy. Every News Van at the place peels out...

184 EXT. SKID ROW - SHITTY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 184

Maria is shoved to her knees. Garcia puts a gun to her head. Carmichael grabs his arm...

CARMICHAEL
Come on, man.

Garcia turns on him like a junk yard dog. Shoves the gun under his chin.

GARCIA
You're in this. You've always been in this. You want out? Just nod.

His finger tightens on the trigger. Carmichael shakes his head. Swallows hard.

CARMICHAEL
You're right. I'm in.

Garcia keys his radio...

GARCIA (ON RADIO)
Hey. Bitch. Can you hear me? Do you see this?

Holds the radio down to Maria.

GARCIA
Say your name... Tell her your name.

185 EXT. SKID ROW - ROOFTOP - NIGHT 185

MARIA (ON RADIO)
My name is Maria...

GARCIA (ON RADIO)
Maria is about to die because of you. You just don't have any luck with little girls, do ya?

Riley closes her eyes. Tight.

GARCIA (ON RADIO)
I'm gonna count to ten. Then, I'm gonna blow her fuckin' head off. One... two... three...

Riley grits her teeth. Squeezes her gun.

Exhales defeat.

RILEY (ON RADIO)
You win. I'll be right there.

186 INT. POLICE SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT 186

Moses behind the wheel. Barker at shotgun. Agent Jones in the back. A HERD OF POLICE CARS BEHIND THEM.

Red and blue lights flash. Sirens blare. Moses growls into his phone...

MOSES
Get those goddamn lights and sirens off! They'll scatter like roaches, if they hear us coming...

He tosses the phone down, as Barker wraps up his own phone call.

DETECTIVE BARKER
SWAT is ten minutes out...

MOSES
We're not waiting. Fuck that...

187 EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - NIGHT 187

Riley limps down the street. Shot. Filthy. Bloody. Hurting. Looking like the Wrong Stuff.

She limps into the jaws of hell with her hands up - Garcia and nearly THIRTY GOONS.

Carmichael sees her. He turns away. Regretful.

Riley looks down at Maria on her knees. Sobbing.

RILEY
Are you OK?

MARIA
I knew you'd save me. I *knew* it.

RILEY
You were right.
(to Garcia)
Here I am. Let her go.

Garcia ponders...

Gestures to a Goon, who pulls Maria up. Shoves her away. But, she doesn't understand. Looks to Riley...

MARIA
What are you waiting for? You have to stop them...

RILEY
Go home, Maria.

MARIA
I don't *have* a home!

Riley winces like she was just stabbed.

Maria runs up to her. Wraps her arms around her.

MARIA
Please come with me...

With tremendous pain, Riley kneels. Wipes tears out of Maria's eyes.

RILEY
I want to. More than anything.
But, that can't happen right now.
I'm sorry...

Thugs abruptly drag Maria off Riley. She wails, kicks, and cries.

Riley stands. Stares hate at Carmichael. Who squirms.

Garcia saunters up to Riley -

PUNCHES HER IN THE LOWER CHEST. RIGHT IN THE GUNSHOT WOUND.

Riley drops to her knees. Whatever has kept her from dropping dead, just broke.

She COUGHS BLOOD.

GARCIA
Is this what you wanted?

Bad Guys encircle them. No where for Riley to go. She struggles back to her feet.

GARCIA
You wanna act like a man? Good.
I'll treat you like a man...

He slugs her. Riley stumbles. Wipes her mouth.

Smiles.

RILEY
You hit like a fuckin' girl.

Bad Guys chuckle. Garcia boils. Nods.

GARCIA
This is going to last for a long,
long time. I hope you know that.

RILEY
Well... I got nothin' else to do.

He kicks Riley in the chest. Sends her falling back onto the sidewalk. KNOCKS OVER A TRASH CAN. Spills it.

Flat on her back, Riley drifts in and out. Fights to stay awake.

Her eyes close. She pulls them back open with pure determination.

And, notices...

...<u>THE SILVER REVOLVER CARMICHAEL SHOT INMAN WITH</u>. Hidden in the spilled refuse of the trash can.

Garcia stands over her. Smiles.

GARCIA
I gotta be honest. I expected a
little more fight out of you.

Riley coughs. Smiles a weak and bloody smile.

Breath escaping her, she motions for Garcia to come closer. Leery, he leans just a bit closer.

RILEY
Did it ever occur to you, I might
just be biding my time?

Suddenly, An LAPD HELICOPTER FLARES OVER BUILDINGS. A BLINDING SPOTLIGHT SHINES DOWN...

HELICOPTER LOUDSPEAKER (O.C.)
Los Angeles Police Department.
Drop your weapons...

POLICE CARS screech in from all angles.

All hell breaks loose. Bad Guys scatter. Run. Shoot. Chaos...

Riley grabs the SILVER REVOLVER. Comes up. Garcia dead in her sights, when...

BAM BAM -

A Thug runs into her line of fire. Takes the rounds. Drops dead, as Garcia bolts...

Summoning the half-ounce of life left in her, Riley gives chase. Ignores the madness around her.

Fixates on Garcia...

She's going to kill this son of a bitch, yet.

188 EXT. SAN JULIAN ST. - FURTHER DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 188

Moses wades into the chaos. Carmichael runs up, as if nothing is wrong...

CARMICHAEL
Moses! Man, thank God you guys got here. I...

Moses yanks the TASER off a COP's belt. Shoots Carmichael.

MOSES
Somebody cuff that piece of shit.

He storms on. Searches faces. On the hunt...

189 EXT. SKID ROW - STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 189

The whole place is a fucking circus.

NEWS CHOPPERS circle overhead. NEWS CREWS invade and vie for footage. SPECTATORS around the edges, cell phone cameras filming...

Garcia runs through it all. Shoves people out of the way. Hits them...

Riley on his tail.

Like a wounded lion on an antelope's ass...

WITH MOSES:

Jostled in the melee. Ignores everything around him. Searches the edges of the crowd...

Catches a glimpse of Riley.

Hauls ass in that direction...

190 **EXT. SKID ROW - ALLEY - NIGHT** **190**

Garcia runs. Panting.

Wild-eyed. Looks over shoulders.

Stumbles over shit...

191 **EXT. SKID ROW - STREET - NIGHT** **191**

Garcia blows out of the alley.

Slows his run. Checks behind him. Nobody there.

Chuckles to himself. Turns...

...AND RUNS RIGHT INTO RILEY.

She's just there. Like a nightmare.

Riley brings a hammer fist down on Garcia's nose. Breaks it. Blood gushes. He stumbles back, yelling.

Brings up his gun...

She takes it from him. Whips him across the face and head with it. Tosses it away.

Garcia takes a swing.

Riley moves her head aside. Grabs his wrist, as it passes. Torques it...

Punches him in the elbow.

CRUNCH - Garcia screams as the arm breaks.

He backs into a wall. Nowhere to go.

Riley shoves the silver revolver into his face. Street lights gleam off its surface.

She cocks the hammer.

MOSES (O.C.)
Riley North..!

Riley doesn't move.

Moses approaches with COPS. Guns on her.

MOSES
Don't do it. I'm begging you...

A POLICE HELICOPTER circles overhead. Floods us with etherial light from its spot light.

Moses shouts over the noise.

MOSES (CONT'D)
Riley, you pull that trigger I'll have to put you down. He ain't getting away. Just drop the gun.

She can barely stand.

MOSES
Please... Don't make me do this...

Her eyes are shark dead. No joy. No hate. Just death.

A tense BEAT hangs...

CLICK...

She pulls the trigger.

RILEY
(stunned)
No...

CLICK CLICK CLICK...

The revolver is fucking empty.

RILEY
No... *No*..!

She lunges for Garcia.

Cops pull her off. Throw her on the ground.

Garcia laughs.

Moses bounces that fucker's head off the wall. Twists his broken arm, as he cuffs him. Shoves him to the nearest Cop.

He pulls the Cops away from Riley.

MOSES
Move back. Get *off*...

The helicopter spot light settles on Riley.

She's stone still.

Unmoving.

MOSES
Get EMS over here.

Moses kneels next to her.

MOSES (CONT'D)
Riley. *Riley*..? Help is coming.

No response. News Crews run up. Spectators with camera phones...

Moses checks for a pulse...

He starts CPR. Chest compressions...

MOSES
I need medical here *now*, goddamnit!

Moses puts his mouth on hers. Breathes for her.

Starts chest compressions again.

MOSES
Come on. Somethin' good has to come out of all this...

He breathes for her again.

Checks her pulse.

Nothing.

Starts chest compressions again.

Homeless Sam comes out of the crowd. As do his Homeless Brethren. Ray Ray, Maria, and Jose...

Nobody says a word. Reporters are silent.

The Homeless hold hands.

The spotlight shines down like God himself was looking at her...

All the eyes.

All the cameras.

It's like the whole world is watching...

FADE TO:

Montage. Different cuts of footage from that night play. Helicopter. News Crew. Cell phone...

192 ***EXT. SKID ROW - NIGHT - MONTAGE*** **192**

Various TALKING HEAD REPORTERS comment...

TALKING HEAD #1
Vigilante, or terrorist? Tonight, one woman's unbelievable fight for justice...

TALKING HEAD #2
...how Riley North became a LA's most notorious terrorist...

TALKING HEAD #3
Social Media continues to explode with discussion of vigilante, Riley North...

193 ***EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - MONTAGE*** **193**

QUICK CUTS OF "MAN ON THE STREET INTERVIEWS":

JUST SOME DUDE
I mean we can't let people do that kinda thing. But...

WOMAN #1
They destroyed my neighborhood. Dealin' drugs all day. Everybody I know is happy they're gone...

WOMAN #2
Yeah, but how many lives did she save..?

GUY #1
She's a murderer.

GUY #2
She took out the trash...

The DRUNK from the bus, clear-eyed and sober, holds the Little Boy from the bus...

DRUNK
She gave me my life back. Scared the ever loving shit outta me, but still...

BORED CLERK
...she couldn't keep her hands off me. She was an animal. It was fuckin' great...

PEG
She was always a menace. I never trusted her. Pure. Evil.
(BEAT)
She's not going to see this, is she?

194 **INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY** **194**

Moses walks down the hall. Stops at a UNIFORMED COP, guarding a room door.

Moses speaks to him. The Cop nods. Walks away.

195 **INT. HOSPITAL - RILEY'S ROOM - DAY** **195**

The room is full of DELIVERED FLOWERS AND BALLOONS. But, quiet. Just the BEEP of monitors.

Riley lies in bed. Her eyes closed.

Moses approaches her bed. Notices she's HANDCUFFED TO THE BED RAILS.

For a long moment, he just looks at her.

Riley opens her eyes.

MOSES
How are you feeling?

She looks at him like he's the biggest moron on earth.

MOSES
You killed a lot of very bad people. Destroyed a massive drug ring. Exposed dirty bastards in my own department. And, didn't hurt a single innocent person in the process.

Moses smiles.

MOSES (CONT'D)
There's not a cop I know... Let's just say some of us wish it didn't have to be this way.

Moses holds her hand. Grips it tight.

MOSES
I'm sorry, Riley. I really, really am.

She doesn't reply.

MOSES
Good luck.

With that, Moses exits.

196 **INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - DAY** **196**

Moses approaches the glass doors. What is that ruckus going on outside..?

197 **EXT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - DAY - CONTINUOUS** **197**

Moses exits the hospital. Walks into TWENTY CAMERAS.

...AND DOZENS OF PROTESTORS. "FREE RILEY" and hand drawn GRAFFITI ANGEL signs in hand.

A BLONDE REPORTER shoves a mic into Moses' face.

BLONDE REPORTER
Detective! Do you have any comment on Riley North...

MOSES
The LAPD has made its position clear. Riley North is a murderer, and will answer for her crimes.

The crowd boos, as Moses walks into them.

As the crowd boos, FAMILIAR HOMELESS FACES appear here and there.

THE HOMELESS
Free Riley... Free Riley...

The crowd picks it up. A hundred voices chant. Maria, Ray Ray, and Jose ooze out of the crowd, too.

CROWD
Free Riley... Free Riley...

198 **INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS** **198**

The crowd's chants are audible.

Riley closes her eyes.

Sighs deeply.

Looks at her hand. The hand that Moses held...

CLOSE ON:

She opens her fingers. THERE'S A HANDCUFF KEY IN HER PALM...

Moses slid it to her.

A smile slithers across Riley's face.

199 **EXT. HOSPITAL - STREET OUTSIDE - DAY** **199**

Moses tosses a look up at a hospital window, as he opens the door of his car.

He gets in.

Drives off.

FADE TO:

200 **EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY** **200**

Traffic passes below.

WE PULL BACK...

201 **EXT. 101 FREEWAY - OVERPASS - DAY - CONTINUOUS** **201**

To find our POV is on the overpass.

GRAPHIC: 2 MONTHS LATER...

HOMELESS SAM leans on the guard rail, looking homeless. Watches oncoming traffic flow beneath him...

He glances behind him, across the overpass. ANOTHER HOMELESS PERSON sits. Back against the rail. Covered with a blanket...

202 EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY 202

A CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON BUS rumbles down the highway...

203 INT. PRISON BUS - MOVING - DAY 203

A DRIVER. A GUARD. TEN CONVICTS...

...and GARCIA. Orange prison suit. Shackles. Arm in a cast...

204 EXT. 101 FREEWAY - OVERPASS - DAY 204

Sam watches the Prison Bus come closer.

CLOSE ON: TWO LENGTHS OF CHAIN are coiled at his feet. Wrapped around the concrete. TWO LARGE SHARP GRAPPLING HOOKS ON THE ENDS...

He watches the bus. It's going to go right under him. Waits...

Waits...

Sam kicks the chains over the side.

205 EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS 205

Just as the Prison Bus goes under the overpass, the chains fall. The Bus hits the grappling hooks at speed...

...THE HOOKS DIG INTO THE FRONT OF THE BUS, just under the roof.

The chains go taut.

THE HOOKS PEEL HALF THE ROOF BACK, LIKE RIPPING OPEN A CAN OF SARDINES.

The front wheels come off the ground, as the Bus is yanked to an abrupt halt...

206 **EXT. 101 FREEWAY - OVERPASS - DAY - CONTINUOUS** **206**

The Other Homeless Person tosses off the blanket...

...IT'S FUCKING RILEY.

She leaps over the side of the overpass. Pre-positioned rope in hand...

FAST ROPES down into the ripped open bus.

207 **INT. PRISON BUS - OVERTURNED ON 101 FREEWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS** **207**

Riley lands in the bus. Sweeps with an SBR. The bus coming to such a fast stop has jacked up everybody inside.

Guards moan on the ground. Prisoners knocked loopy.

Garcia, nose bleeding, looks up. Sees Riley coming for him. FREAKS THE FUCK OUT IN HORROR...

GARCIA
Help.. *Help*!

208 **EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS** **208**

Garcia is thrown to the asphalt. Riley looms over him. Hell in her eyes. He gets up to his knees...

RILEY
You're gonna wish I'd planted your ass two months ago.

He comes unglued. Cries.

GARCIA
Please... please, don't kill me...

RILEY
I'm not going to kill you...

Garcia looks up. Can't believe it.

RILEY (CONT'D)
They will.

Garcia looks behind him. A BLACK VAN is stopped in traffic. ORTEGA AND SIX MEAN FUCKING CARTEL HITMEN stand behind it.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Eventually.

The Cartel Hitmen grab Garcia, who goes pale as a ghost. Pure, unmitigated terror.

GARCIA
No...no, wait...
(to Riley)
Kill me! Shoot me, please..!

Ortega approaches Riley. They watch Garcia thrown into the van.

RILEY
Take your time.

ORTEGA
It'll last awhile. Trust me.

Ortega walks back towards the Van. Stops.

ORTEGA
Don't let our paths cross again.

RILEY
I was just thinkin' the same thing.

ORTEGA
See you around.

RILEY
Better hope not.

Ortega gets in the Van. It races off.

Riley jogs through the snarled up traffic...

209 **EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS** **209**

A familiar faded old Van sits on the shoulder, in the opposite direction of travel.

210 **INT. RILEY'S VAN - PARKED ON 101 FREEWAY - DAY** **210**

Riley climbs into the passenger's seat.

Homeless Sam behind the wheel.

HOMELESS SAM
Bet that felt some kinda good.

RILEY
It'll do.

He starts the Van.

HOMELESS SAM
Well... Where to now?

MOSES (O.C.)
I got a list.

Sam and Riley turn around. FUCKING MOSES SITS IN THE BACK.

MOSES (CONT'D)
If you're interested in that sorta thing.

Riley and Sam trade a look.

Sam drops it into gear...

211 **EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS** **211**

The Faded Van pulls away.

We watch it, until it's lost in traffic...

Just another car...

Hiding in plain sight.

Until the day we see it again...

FADE TO BLACK.